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## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE journals are so barren of political intelligence just now, and the state of Europe is so utterly uninteresting to those readers who are always on the look-out for news of alliances and counter-alliances, conspiracies, rebellions, and wars, that the visit of the King Consort of Spain to Paris, merely because it has taken place in the dull season, has acquired the character of an important political event. There is nothing very remarkable, however, in the Spanish King's having returned the French Empress's visit. The wife of the Emperor Napoleon went to Madrid, and was naturally received with the honours due to a Sovereign. The husband of Queen Isabella, visiting Paris, is welcomed in a similar manner. Fortunately for the Royal visitor, the railway of the north of Spain had just been completed, which enabled him to make the whole journey from Madrid to Paris by train. This was simply a piece of good luck for him, and we see no reason for connecting his journey in any other manner with the supposed abolition of the Pyrenees. *Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées* is a saying which now, for the first time, expresses something like a geographical truth for the traveller bound to Paris from Madrid; but in a political sense it is as false at present as it was when it was first pronounced. That France would like to have all the resources, and especially the military and naval resources, of Spain at her disposition cannot be doubted.

Whether Spain would care to become, if not a vassal of France, at least a mere instrument of French policy is quite another question. Hitherto we have only heard what French writers have to say about it. Before arriving at any decided opinion on the subject it would be desirable to ascertain how the propositions, authorised or unauthorised, of French pamphleteers are received by the Spaniards. In the meanwhile, we are glad to see that some of our contemporaries are turning the occasion to account, and are calling upon Spain, if it would once more become a great nation, to begin, first of all, by paying its immense debts.

An armed political contest has taken place at Geneva, in which, curiously enough, the Conservatives took the initiative, and opened the proceedings by surrounding and attacking an assembly of Radicals. The Radical party had, it appears, annulled an election which had turned out to the advantage of the Conservatives. Hence the Conservative indignation, which, at Geneva, expresses itself in a most unconservative manner.

The Belfast riots, however, are a far greater disgrace to Ireland than this Geneva election fight is to Switzerland. It is to be hoped that they are now really at an end; but there seems to be no reason why they should not begin again at any moment after the soldiers and the extra police have quitted the town. Our friends on the Continent will, of

course, see in the lawless proceedings of the Belfast rioters a proof that Ireland still suffers from English misrule. It is difficult, however, to legislate for pugnacity in a direct manner. The vice cannot be cured, and all that can be done is to repress the manifestations of it as often as they occur. No one, we believe, pretends that there are any "grievances" at the bottom of these disturbances. At least, the rioters themselves say nothing about them. Nevertheless, we shall not be surprised if our friends on the Continent, who regarded the English Government as the cause of the potatoe disease and of the famine consequent on the failure of the potato crop in Ireland, should discover that the English Government had somehow or other a hand in causing the riots at Belfast. That the effects of a long period of misrule still exists in Ireland cannot be denied, and it is also true that even now the Irish are under certain disabilities, and that Ireland is the only part of the United Kingdom where volunteer companies may not be formed. On the other hand, Ireland is the only part of the United Kingdom where such scenes as have just taken place at Belfast are likely to occur. As it is, we have only had riots at Belfast. Had the rioters been armed with rifles, we should have had civil war.

From Italy rumours of a new "movement" reach us from time to time, and some trifling disturbances which have recently taken place among the students at the University of Padua,



SCENE FROM THE NEW PLAY, "THE STREETS OF LONDON," AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.



were thought at first to have a grave political character. Everything is quiet, however, for the present, in Venetia as in all other parts of Italy.

We had not heard much of Poland for some time past until news arrived the other day that the chiefs of the National Government had been executed. Now we learn that a portion of the kingdom of Poland has been incorporated with Russia, and, we believe, the next step in the affairs of this unhappy country will be to partition the "kingdom" between Russia, Austria, and Prussia. If an inquest were now to be held on the mangled body of Poland, what would the verdict of an impartial jury be? That she has committed suicide, or simply that Russia has murdered her? And what opinion would the jury express as to the conduct of the bystanders who made no effort to restrain Poland, but, on the contrary, did their best to encourage her in a perfectly hopeless struggle, and then abandoned her, in her despair, to take her chance of breaking her own head or getting her head broken by her enemy? If it be suicide for unarmed men to attack armed soldiers and throw themselves headlong upon their bayonets, it was something very like self-murder for exhausted Poland—alone, unarmed, and without force of any kind—to provoke a conflict with the army and people of the whole Russian Empire. But it was only a wild, a maddened minority that commenced the impossible struggle, and, but for the prospect of foreign aid, the majority of the nation would have kept out of it. However, at the present moment, Russia is most certainly seeking to destroy Poland—not merely to crush the insurrection, but also to break up the social organisation of the country, and to place it in such a position that it will never again be able to raise a hand against its oppressors.

#### SCENE FROM "THE STREETS OF LONDON," AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

THE merit of Mr. Boucicault's new play, "The Streets of London," which is now being performed at the Princess's Theatre, have already been discussed in these columns. (See ILLUSTRATED TIMES for Aug. 6.) Whatever opinion may be entertained as to the character of the play as a play, all who have seen it must agree in admiring the scenery with which it is illustrated. All the scenes are excellent; and it is scarcely possible to praise too highly either the conception or the execution of each. In fact, there are some scenes in the drama that have rarely, if ever, been surpassed; such, for instance, as the burning of the banking-house, with its mass of flame and falling timbers and its excited mob outside; and, as a contrast, the view of London over the house-tops, when the great capital is seen sleeping in moonlight under a mantle of solemn snow. Superior, however, to both, in its union of an exact picture with all the movement and mechanic aid which are appropriate to the scene, is the view of Charing-cross at midnight, with its lighted lamps, its Nelson column, its gleaming windows of Northumberland House, its groups of rich and poor wending their way to club or garret, and its cabs and buses in the distance rolling by in quick succession. Here, indeed, is a piece of reality that is not to be questioned for an instant—one whose completeness is so extraordinary and whose impression is so unique that it can scarcely fail to invest the drama with more than ordinary attraction. Indeed, the scene of Charing-cross on a winter's night, is, perhaps, the most real scene ever witnessed on the stage in London. The spectator is supposed to be placed in St. Martin's-lane, looking towards Charing-cross and Northumberland House, with St. Martin's Church on his left. The scene is almost entirely set. Real lamps run down each side of the way; the chemist's shop on the right throws its crimson, violet, and green lines of colour across the street; broughams and cabs in the distance—reduced to their proper perspective—are seen driving by Spring-gardens and shooting into the Strand; in short, the scene is a perfect diorama. The audience on the opening-night hailed this extraordinary picture (which is the one portrayed in our Engraving) with a furor of applause, and the artist, Mr. F. Lloyds, had to come forward and accept his share of the demonstration.

With such adjuncts and the careful acting of the various artistes engaged, it is scarcely necessary to say that "The Streets of London" has been a complete success.

### Foreign Intelligence.

#### FRANCE.

Paris was making holiday all last week. No sooner were the celebrations of the Emperor's fête concluded than those in honour of the visit of the King Consort of Spain commenced. There were salvos of artillery, grand opera and theatrical performances, displays of the waterworks at Versailles, banquets, reviews, &c. The festivities and the stay of the King, however, were cut prematurely short by the death of the Princess Czartoryska, daughter of Queen Christina; on which event the Spanish Monarch abruptly took his departure homeward. One object of the King's visit was alleged to be to arrange a marriage between his brother and Princess Anna Murat; but that project broke down, in consequence, it is said, of the opposition of the Queen, or of a preference being given to Prince Humbert of Italy. The rumour of this last-mentioned alliance appears to excite considerable interest in political circles in Paris, where it is thought by some to signify a revival of the Italian question. Should the marriage really take place, it is believed that an Imperial promise to help the Italians in a war against Austria will form part of the dowry of the Princess. The moneyed interest in France is consequently alarmed at the prospect, and the probability of the marriage taking place under such an understanding has already affected the French and Italian stocks. No official contradiction or denial has been given to the rumour as yet.

Speeches made on Tuesday by two of the French Ministers, M. Rouher and M. Ronland, at the Council-General of the department of the Puy de Dôme and at Romen, announce a large measure of administrative reform in the direction of decentralisation of authority. In all purely departmental affairs, the Councils-General are in future to have the fullest authority; nothing will be withheld from them except subjects affecting general interests, the unity of the territory, and the rights of political sovereignty. This power, if honestly given and judiciously used, will introduce into France as high a degree of local government as exists in England.

#### SWITZERLAND.

Disturbances broke out in Geneva on the 23rd inst. Barricades were erected and blood shed. These commotions arose from the Radical committee having the previous day annulled the election of M. Chenevière, the Conservative candidate, to the Council of State. On this becoming known the Conservatives surrounded the building in which the sittings of the Council were held. The inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Gervais armed themselves, and a conflict ensued, in which four persons were killed and fifteen wounded. M. Fornerod and Colonel Barmann, Federal Commissioners, who subsequently arrived with a battalion of militia, restored order, and the disturbances terminated.

#### THE TYROL.

A political conspiracy, the objects of which though not mentioned may be guessed, has been discovered in the Southern Tyrol, and been followed by numerous arrests by the Austrians at Trient, Pergine, Roveredo, Riva, and other places.

#### GREECE.

The Cephalonian deputies in the Chambers are about to demand the annexation, peaceably, to Greece of Candia, Thessaly, and the Epirus.

#### ALGERIA.

Renewed disturbances have broken out in Algeria—the province of Oran the scene. The movement assumes very serious proportions. The revolted tribes having perpetrated acts of assassination and incendiarism, cut the telegraph wires, and pillaged several caravanserais; but the French troops have succeeded in establishing a military cordon, which it is hoped will prevent any extension of the insurrection to what are at present the peaceable districts.

#### TURKEY.

The city of Smyrna has just been the scene of some disturbances, which, happily, have not been attended with any serious consequences. A dervish, who had arrived from Medina, announced the end of the world—a prophecy which produced a great impression on the inhabitants of the city and neighbourhood, exciting among the Mussulmans the fears of some and the cupidity of others. A band of Candiot, who had recently landed, went through the streets threatening fire and pillage, in concert with the Mussulman population. The panic which was at first caused by this incident soon, however, calmed down before the energetic attitude of the Turkish authorities, who, on the recommendation of the French Consul-General, arrested all the Candiot.

#### CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

We have intelligence from the Cape of Good Hope to July 13. The rumour that Krelli and his people were about to cross the Bashee is proved to have been false; but throughout the whole coast of the Canda country the tribes are in a state of great excitement, and hostilities were expected to break out amongst the natives themselves.

#### GERMANY AND THE DUCHIES.

The position of the people of the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein is just now not an enviable one. They want their Government settled according to their own wish; but all that Prussia and Austria are willing to do is to make a provisional arrangement. This, it appears, is at length agreed upon between those great Powers and the German Confederation whom they tried to ignore. A commission for the administration of the three duchies—Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg—is to be composed of three members, one of whom is to be appointed by each of the three authorities; and in the mean time, the future ruler and position of the duchies are under consideration.

The municipalities from several of the Holstein towns have met at Neumünster, when a resolution was passed thanking the allies, and recognising the necessity of the duchies joining Germany, and, so far as German interests demanded, Prussia in particular, without prejudice, however, to their independence. The resolution further states that the establishment of a Provisional Government cannot be regarded as a proper means to secure the object in view, and fears are expressed lest the generally-desired speedy settlement of the affairs of the country, as regards its internal and foreign relations, may be thereby unnecessarily deferred.

A telegram from Vienna states that a complete understanding has been arrived at between Prussia and Austria. The claims of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg gain ground. Prussia will not quit Schleswig-Holstein without territorial, political, and military compensations. The Austrian Government no longer disapproves the policy of Prussia.

It is officially stated that Wirtemberg intends to propose that the minor German States, with Bavaria at their head, should form a third Power in the German Confederation, the other two being Austria and Prussia. It is not known in what form Wirtemberg will embody this resolution at the Federal Diet.

#### THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

##### GENERAL NEWS.

Our advices from New York reach to the evening of the 12th inst.

All was reported quiet in front of Petersburg. It was thought that the Confederates are meditating early and important offensive operations. On the afternoon of the 6th inst. they exploded a mine in front of the 5th Corps, but little damage was done, as the mine did not reach the Federal works by about forty feet. The Confederates started to make a charge after the explosion, but fell back on ascertaining the failure of the mine. Some heavy musketry firing ensued, continuing for some time, but without any important result. The court of inquiry convened to investigate the cause of the failure of the attack on the 30th ult. referred the case back to headquarters. It is said that General Burnside was implicated with the cause of the disaster.

General Sheridan had been placed in command of the departments of the Upper Potomac and West Virginia, and his forces were moving up the Shenandoah Valley against the Confederates. The raiders under Generals McCausland and Bradley Johnson were overtaken and utterly routed at Moorefield by General Averill, who captured all their artillery and about 500 prisoners. The Federals abandoned the pursuit on account of the exhausted condition of their horses. The Governor of Pennsylvania had recommended the Legislature to make an appropriation to equip 15,000 militia for the special defence of the State. Prince George's Courthouse was burned by Federal troops on the 7th. It was a wanton act on the part of the troops, and not in obedience to any instructions from their officers.

North Carolina advices state that the Confederates are making great exertions to organise their navy in the waters of that State. The ram Albemarle has been greatly strengthened, and now lies at Plymouth, under the command of Captain Maffit, formerly of the Florida. Another powerful ram is nearly completed at Edward's Ferry, and a large floating battery is being built in the Roanoke river.

South Carolina advices to the 5th report a heavy bombardment of Fort Sumter and Charleston in progress. The Federal officers placed under fire at Charleston, and the Confederate officers held under fire on Morris Island by General Foster in retaliation have been exchanged. This releases on each side five generals and forty-five field officers.

An enormous mass meeting had been held at New York to nominate General McClellan for the presidency. The *New York Herald* estimates that 100,000 persons were present. Resolutions were passed denouncing Mr. Lincoln's policy and recommending McClellan's nomination on a Constitutional platform.

A Confederate privateer was reported sixty miles south-east of Sandy Hook. She had captured a pilot-boat.

A plot to capture and destroy Buffalo was said to have been discovered in Canada among the Secessionists there. It was alleged that they had organised a large force for this purpose, and that they also proposed to destroy a large portion of the Erie Canal. The Provost-Marshal of Buffalo announced the discovery of the plot to General Dix, who was reported to have replied that he already knew of the conspiracy, but had no means at his immediate command to prevent its consummation, and that the city must rely for the present for defence upon its local militia.

The Southern papers announce the appointment of the Hon. George H. Trenholm as Secretary of the Treasury, in the place of the Hon. C. G. Memminger, resigned. Mr. Trenholm is a native of Charleston, about fifty-five years of age, and the senior partner of the firm of John Fraser and Co., of Charleston, which, with its Liverpool branch—Fraser, Trenholme, and Co.—has been extensively engaged in blockade-running enterprises since the beginning of the war.

#### FEDERAL ATTACK ON MOBILE.

The Federal fleet, under Admiral Farragut, on the 5th inst. made a vigorous attack upon the defences of Mobile. The accounts thus far received are entirely from Southern sources, reported by General Butler to the authorities at Washington. According to these accounts, the *Richmond Sentinel* of the 8th contained the following despatch from General Maury, Confederate Commander at Mobile, to the Secretary of War at Richmond:—

Mobile, Aug. 5.

Seventeen of the enemy's vessels (fourteen ships and three ironclads) passed Fort Morgan this morning. The *Tennessee* (Confederate ironclad) surrendered after a desperate engagement with the enemy's fleet. Admiral Buchanan lost a leg and is a prisoner. The *Salina* was captured. The *Gaines* was beached near the hospital. The *Morgan* is safe, and will try to run up to-night. The enemy's fleet has approached the city. A monitor has been engaging Fort Powell all day.

D. H. MAURY, Major-General.

Richmond papers also state that the Federals had occupied Dauphin Island, near Mobile, and predict that they would make it a base for siege operations against the city. The capture of Mobile was confidently predicted at Washington, although it was known that the inner defences of the harbour are of great strength. It was also believed that Farragut's operations would oblige Hood to send reinforcements to the garrison of the city, thereby creating an important diversion in favour of General Sherman.

Official Confederate despatches from Mobile, dated the 8th inst., state:—

It is painfully humiliating to announce the shameful surrender of Fort Gaines by Colonel Anderson. Colonel Anderson communicated with the enemy by a flag of truce, without the consent of General Page, who inquired by signal what his purpose was, but received no answer. General Page telegraphed, "Hold your fort," and immediately visited Fort Gaines, when he found that Colonel Anderson was on board the Federal fleet, arranging a capitulation. The General left orders for Colonel Anderson, on returning, not to surrender the fort, and relieved him of his command. Fort Morgan signalled this morning, but received no answer except the hoisting of the Federal flag over the ramparts of Fort Gaines. Colonel Anderson's conduct is pronounced inexplicable and shameful.

The Confederates evacuated and blew up Fort Powell on the 7th inst. The whole Confederate fleet, except one vessel, was sunk, beached, or captured.

#### THE GEORGIAN CAMPAIGN.

The battle before Atlanta, of July 28, is thus described in the correspondence of the *New York Times*:—

The enemy, anticipating Sherman's designs upon his left, massed Stewart's corps, composed of about 20,000 men, upon our right, and attacked Logan furiously, a little before noon, with infantry and artillery. Logan had got into a pretty good position, luckily, and had thrown up a line of rude rifle-pits along the whole front of the 15th Corps. After brisk skirmishing upon both sides, and considerable artillery demonstrations on the part of the enemy, Loring's division of infantry and Martin's brigade of cavalry dashed across an open field into a patch of woods, and turned our flank, when about two hours of hard fighting took place, at the termination of which time Logan had successfully managed to extricate himself from his perilous situation. This was about two o'clock. From this time till between four and five the musketry fire was terrible, very little artillery being used by the enemy and none by ourselves. Before four o'clock Logan advanced his whole line over the rifle-pits, as the entire front of Stewart's corps exhibited signs of wavering. The enemy during all this time had fought in an open field, and in patches of forests, with no protection whatever, while our line was behind rifle-pits. At four p.m. the whole rebel corps was retreating, and in half an hour afterwards was inside its fortifications, leaving us the entire field upon which the attack was made and the battle fought. Logan took immediate possession of the enemy's ground, and during last night his corps put up a strong line of earthworks. General Logan says his loss in killed, wounded, and missing will amount to 1500, and one stand of colours. The majority of this loss occurred upon the flank, which was penetrated by the enemy at the commencement. This loss was made up, however, at the close, as our forces had everything their own way. The enemy's loss is estimated as at least as large as our own. They removed nearly all their dead and wounded. In the last charge of our troops three rebel colonels were killed and three stands of colours were captured.

At last accounts the situation at Atlanta remained unchanged. General Sherman was strengthening his position and vigorously preparing his siege operations. Hood maintained his lines, and was thought to be making every exertion to interfere with Sherman's communications. It was reported that large bodies of Georgia militia had reinforced Atlanta.

The Federal loss during Stoneman's raid is reported to be 1000 men.

#### MOBILE AND ITS DEFENCES.

The New York papers give the following description of the military and naval defences of Mobile:—

From the Gulf of Mexico there are three channels into the harbour of Mobile, two of them (the most easterly) being defended by Fort Morgan, while the western one is fully garrisoned by a casemate-work known as Fort Gaines. The Swash channel, which is the principal one by which vessels of any size can enter the bay, runs directly under the guns of Fort Morgan; and it is by this channel that nearly all the blockade-runners go in and out of the harbour. In strong breezes the sea on the bar is so heavy that it is dangerous to attempt its crossing. To aid in the defence of the bay, and prevent the Union fleet from passing by the forts, a chain of obstructions has long since been placed across the channels. They consist of a row of strong spiles driven firmly into the mud. When the tide is at full flood they cannot be seen, and only at the very lowest water are these obstructions visible. Spies have also been driven into the Dog River bar, along the channel line, and on each side of the entrance to the river bearing that name, so that it would be a difficult matter for a vessel unaccompanied by a thoroughly versed pilot to reach the city of Mobile, even if she should succeed in passing the forts. A sloop, laden with stones, rides at anchor at the entrance of these obstructions, and at the first signs of successful invasion on the part of an enemy would be scuttled and sunk, so as to prevent vessels passing through the obstructions. The entrance to Mobile Bay is between Mobile Point and the eastern point of Dauphin Island, and the intervening distance is about three miles and a quarter. The interior of the bay has depth of water sufficient for any vessel that can cross the bar, which has about fifteen feet upon it at low water. On account of a bar formed opposite the mouth of Dog River, vessels drawing more than eight or nine feet cannot, at low water, go further up the bay. The bay of Mobile is about thirty miles in length from north to south, with an average width of from ten to twelve miles, except where it expands on the south-east into the subsidiary bay of Bon Secours, which extends some eight or ten miles further to the eastward. The bay, in addition to the outlets elsewhere described, has one at Grant's Pass, north of Dauphin Island, which communicates with Mississippi Sound. Through this channel steamers and other vessels of light draught formerly passed when plying between Mobile and New Orleans. The whole upper portion of the bay is shallow and is supposed to be gradually filling up with sedimentary deposits from the rivers which flow into it. Measures were in progress in 1860-1 for opening a channel to the city of Mobile for larger vessels than had previously gone up there. Strong lines of intrenchments have been thrown up, encircling the city from near Dog River around to the Alabama River, and no less than twelve large independent earthworks have been constructed in rear of the line of intrenchments. On Point Pinos is a nine-gun battery commanding the line of intrenchments and one of the channels approaching the city. At Garrows Bend is a five-gun battery, also commanding the obstructions and the main ship channel for a distance of nearly three miles. The remaining earthworks in the vicinity of the city are intended more particularly to repulse a landing of troops on the western shores, or a land attack which could be made at Porterville from the Mississippi Sound, marching thence up the road to Spring-hill. The intrenchments are about fifteen miles in length, and were built some time ago. At various points signal-guns and cannonades have been mounted, so that they can throw grape and canister among an advancing foe. A tract of marshy land has been made solid by means of spiles and earth, and on this has been erected a casemated battery, mounting ten most powerful guns—viz., three 100-pounder rifles, four 9-inch Dahlgrens, and three long 32-pounders. Between the March battery and the Alabama river, and near the latter, is a rebout which sweeps the level plateau over which it keeps guard, and it commands as well a portion of the bay. Passing further to the northward, another redoubt is met near a small village on the railroad, which mounts four heavy guns. At Three Mile Creek is another redoubt, which guards the railroad bridges. To the west of Mobile are a series of earthworks several miles in extent, further defended by formidable breastworks and rifle-pits, extending from the "Shell-road" entirely around the city to the river. Between the Alabama river and the Shell-road a six-gun battery commands the position. Fort Morgan, the main protection to the city, or rather the entrance to the bay, is situated on Mobile Point. It cost the United States Government in its construction and armament about 1,500,000 dollars, and is capable of mounting 152 guns and of garrisoning 700 men for siege operations. It is built upon the site of old Fort Boyer, which was noted for its successful resistance of a British fleet on the 14th of September, 1814. The old fort was a small redoubt with an armament of twenty short cannonades, and garrisoned by only 120 men. The Federal fleet, under the command of Admiral Farragut, consists



of nineteen wooden ships, powerful, and with very heavy batteries, and four of the best of our monitor ironclads, with five small tugs to act as dispatch-vessels, being a total of twenty-eight vessels.

A gentleman, long a resident of Mobile, and familiarly acquainted with the topography of that port, gives the following particulars of the locality of the late naval victory gained by Admiral Farragut:—

Forts Morgan and Gaines are situated about thirty-three miles from the city of Mobile, and command from opposite sides the entrance to the bay of the same name. This entrance is about two miles and a half wide. Fort Powell commands another entrance, or rather narrow artificial pass, called Grant's Pass, into the same bay from the Mississippi Sound. The true harbour of Mobile, locally called the anchorage, is a few miles above these forts, under the lee of Dauphin Island, and about twenty-five miles from Mobile. Only vessels of small draught can come to the wharves of the city, which is approached by a narrow and tortuous channel averaging 9 ft. of water, never exceeding eleven. The most difficult portion of the channel is at a point called Choctaw Pass, about five miles distant from the city.

It is not believed that the city is in any danger of capture from a naval attack. A successful land attack would require at least 15,000 men, and the approaches in that case would not be from Dauphin Island, but from Pascagoula. The object of Admiral Farragut's operations is, therefore, probably—first, to destroy the Confederate fleet in the bay; and, secondly, to more effectually close a port which, from its large cotton exportations, had recently become of considerable importance to blockade-runners. These objects attained, the situation will not be very dissimilar from that at Charleston, except that the distances between the outer and inner lines of harbour defences are greater.

A correspondent, writing to the *Times*, says:—

Having visited Mobile in the spring of this year, perhaps a few remarks on the improbability of the capture of that city by the Federals may be acceptable to your readers.

There are two entrances to the Bay of Mobile, one of which is effectually barred by Fort Powell, a beautiful sandwork, situated in the middle of the channel, and finished only a few days before it was unsuccessfully attacked by the Federals last February. The main entrance is defended by Forts Morgan and Gaines, two old-fashioned works, which, however, have been much altered and improved lately. But it was the opinion of Admiral Buchanan, General Maury, and almost every officer I conversed with, that these two forts were entirely incompetent to defend the entrance into the bay, and that the Federal fleet might pass them whenever it chose to make the attempt.

The real defences of the city of Mobile against an attack by water are everything that the friends of the South could wish. They consist chiefly of two very strong works in the bay itself, which have recently been entirely rebuilt, and a strong fort on the shore south of the city. Upon the narrow channel leading to the inner harbour these works can concentrate a fire such as will undoubtedly prevent Admiral Farragut's fleet from any nearer approach, even if he could bring up his monitors; and this he will probably not be able to do, as no vessels drawing more than nine feet can pass the Dog River Bar, which is several miles below Mobile.

It is not probable that land forces accompany the expedition; and, indeed, it would require a large army now to lay regular siege to Mobile, which, if its defences are completed, as they most likely are by this time, is one of the most strongly-fortified places in the world. One of its three lines of defences consists of a series of forts, constructed under the direction of Colonel von Schellha, who, having all the experience gained in this war to guide him, has succeeded in carrying out a system of defence which will probably serve for the future as a model to military engineers. These forts were not all completed when I was there.

If communication can be maintained between Mobile and the forts at the mouth of the bay, so that they can be supplied with provisions, and they consequently do not fall into the hands of the Federals, it is apparent that the position of Admiral Farragut's fleet in the bay will be a difficult one, as all his supplies must be sent to him by water, running the gauntlet of the two forts; and at the same time he cannot keep command of the bay with only a small portion of his fleet, as the Confederates still have some formidable ironclads and gun-boats left.

#### POLITICAL PARTIES IN THE NORTHERN STATES OF AMERICA.

A correspondent of the *Standard*, writing from New York, gives the following classification of the political parties into which the people of the Northern States are divided. He says:—

It may interest English readers to be furnished with a statement of the different party organisations at present existing in this country, or rather in the Northern States. By the time a general election takes place it very frequently happens that all the minor circles fuse into two or three great parties; but previous to the holding of the various conventions, and sometimes until within a month of the election day, such is the freedom or looseness of political action here, that all the varieties and shades of political opinions naturally cohere in separate organisations. The following is a list of the parties already dignified with names and more or less perfect character:—

First—The peace party proper. This is led by such men as Wood, Vallandigham, and Seymour, and is decided in its demand that a peremptory stop shall be put to the war. It will not consider any other question until that is done.

Second—The war party proper. This organisation now includes simply the contractors, office-holders, and so-called "shoddy" politicians. These men are loud-mouthed advocates of the war, as through it they advance their own selfish ends.

Third—The "Manifest Destiny" and "Universal Yankee" party. This embraces that large class of egotistical Americans—of whom George Francis Train is a fit exponent—who have brought such disaster upon their country by their insane antics and unconscionable boasting, both at home and in other lands. They still dream of a universal consolidated North American nation; boast of "whipping the whole world," bid defiance to "all creation," and care very little what the precise form of their Government is so that it betrays desire to carry out their ambitious schemes. These people now act with the Republican party.

Fourth—The Radical, amalgamation, or miscegenation party. This is composed mainly of long-haired "philosophers" and strong-minded women, "humanitarians," and imitators of all shades. Their cardinal doctrine is the amalgamation or miscegenation of the negro and Caucasian races. This mixture, they believe, will produce superior men and women to either the whites or blacks individually.

Fifth—The disaffected Republican party, the members of which see that this war is useless, and in their disappointment and anger inveigh against their former party leaders. Their main incentive and hope are the "spoils" of office. This party is scheming to obtain an influence in the Democratic Convention to be held at Chicago, and, failing in this, propose to run Admiral Farragut (provided he is successful at Mobile), for President, with Captain Winslow of the *Kearsarge* for Vice President.

Sixth—The Copperhead party proper. The sympathies of the men who have formed this organisation are entirely with the South, the success of whom they earnestly desire. They are principally Southern men, although the term is applied as one of reproach to the Democrats generally. It can properly be used only in regard to a very small faction.

Seventh—The War Democratic party, a sort of mongrel political organisation, which is hoping that the Democrats will carry the next election on a war basis, so that they can have a share in the public plunder, now entirely usurped by the Republicans. Their predilections for a candidate are divided between Major-General Dix and Major-General McClellan. Of the latter, however, they are a little suspicious.

Eighth—The anti-Anglican party. It includes the Fenian Brotherhood and all Irishmen and filibustering Americans who, deploring the immense losses of territory through the secession of the South, look with longing eyes towards Canada. They have no particular principles except their chronic hatred to John Bull.

Ninth—The Fremont party, whose nominations are already made. It is composed of the honest anti-slavery people, who believe slavery a terrible wrong and wish to see it extinguished. The support their candidates will receive will come entirely from the old peace Republican party; in fact, they claim to be the original Republicans of the country; and, indeed, John C. Fremont, their candidate for the presidency, was the first to run in a presidential contest on the Republican platform. He was defeated, you will remember, by Mr. Buchanan in 1856.

Tenth—The Constitutional, or McClellan party. The motto of its followers is, "The Union as it was and the Constitution as it is." Their candidate is General McClellan; and to-night they are to have a grand mass meeting at Union-square, in this city, at which all the McClellan ward and local clubs and "McClellan minute-men" of the metropolis, numbering over 20,000 members, will attend.

Eleventh—The Old Line Whig party. This is eminently the Conservative organisation as Conservatism is expressed by the ancient Whigs of the United States. Its candidate is ex-President Millard Fillmore; but it is ready to unite with the Constitutional Union organisation.

There are several other cliques of no great importance. They differ so little in political principle from those above mentioned that it is unnecessary to mention them.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA has been paying a visit to the Emperor of Austria, at Vienna.

THE INAUGURATION OF A STATUE OF ROSSINI took place at Pesaro on the 21st inst., in presence of a very large number of spectators.

THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD was opened at Llandudno on Tuesday. As our readers are probably aware, this annual celebration is designed to perpetuate the Welsh language, as well as to retain a custom which, according to Mr. Bulkeley Hughes, the president of the festival, has existed for 1200 years. The meeting was opened by an extremely quaint proclamation, which was read by the presiding bard in both Welsh and English.

## THE ARMIES OF THE SECONDARY STATES OF EUROPE.

THE French *Moniteur de l'Armée* contains an account of the standing armies in the secondary States of Europe—Italy, Spain, Sweden, and the Ottoman Empire, and those of the small European Powers—Portugal, Switzerland, the Papal States, Bavaria, Wirtemberg, Hanover, Saxony, Baden, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and Greece:—

The army commanded by Victor Emmanuel during the campaign of 1859 was composed of five divisions of infantry and one division of cavalry, with eighty pieces of cannon. Those 70,000 Piedmontese, Genoese, and Sardinians have since the peace of Villafranca been amalgamated with Lombards, Tuscans, Romans, and Neapolitans. That amalgamation has quadrupled Victor Emmanuel's army.

Spain, during the reign of Philip II., had 280,000 men under arms, a force at that period out of proportion with the other States of Europe. After the War of Succession her army was reduced to 75,000 men. Under Charles III. the Spanish army was increased to 90,000 men and 10,000 horses. At the death of Ferdinand the military force consisted of only 60,000 men and 8000 horses. Five years since, when about to commence the war against Morocco, it was increased to 250,000 men, which it still maintains. It commands, likewise, 50,000 provincial militia.

Sweden, with Norway, has at present 180,000 men under arms, a considerable force for a population of 4,000,000 souls; but, being constantly apprehensive of German and Russian encroachment, it is forced to maintain a large standing army. The Swedish army is organised in a manner peculiar to itself. It is partly composed of provincial regiments, of which the privates are supported by the proprietors, and the officers and non-commissioned officers are paid by a grant of Crown lands. There are, likewise, the conscripts, comprising every man from twenty-one to twenty-five years of age, who compose an army of reserve liable to be called out at any moment, and who receive pay while under arms. The Norwegian army, distinct from that of Sweden, but organised in a similar manner, is from 16,000 to 20,000 strong.

The Ottoman Empire finds itself from its position compelled to maintain a large army. It consists of 300,000 good soldiers—patient and brave, as they proved themselves when opposed to the Russians on the Danube and at Silistria in 1854. The army is deficient in generals and officers; but the Sultan is endeavouring to remedy this defect by the establishment of military schools, like those which exist in France. The Turkish army is at present composed of the troops on active service and the *redif*.

The Powers of the second order form, in proportion to the extent of their territories and their financial resources, a military State more considerable than the Powers of the first order. They maintain at present an effective force of nearly 1,000,000 men.

The Portuguese army is 30,000 strong.

It is not easy to appreciate the military force of Switzerland. Each canton has an army of its own, which may be regarded as a national guard rather than a standing army similar to that of other Powers; it may be estimated at 80,000, exclusive of the *Landwehr*.

The Papal troops are set down at from 7000 to 8000 men.

Bavaria has 100,000 men under arms, and might increase them to 200,000 by calling out the reserve. It supplies the Germanic Confederation with 35,000 troops, forming the 7th Army Corps. Wirtemberg gives 18,000 men to the Germanic Confederation, which, with 25,000 from Baden and the Grand Duchy of Hesse, compose the 8th Corps of the Germanic Confederation.

Hanover supplies the Confederation with an equal number of troops to Wirtemberg. They form part of the 10th Corps. It maintains an effective force of 25,000 men.

Saxony, whose troops are incorporated with the 9th Corps of the army of the Confederation, has 26,000 combatants.

Baden supplies the 8th Corps with 10,000 men, and maintains 14,000 soldiers.

Belgium has an army of from 75,000 to 80,000 men.

Holland is rather a naval than a military Power, and has only 20,000 land forces. It possesses, however, a great number of seamen, and an army of 30,000 men in the Indies.

Denmark had never more than from 55,000 to 60,000 combatants.

The King of Greece is now only organising his army, which consisted of 11,000 men in 1861, but was completely disorganised at the revolution of July, 1863.

The third-rate military Powers of Europe have, consequently, an effective force of 450,000 men under arms.

There remain the small European States, many of which form part of the Germanic Confederation, and maintain no troops, except to preserve order in the provinces. Neither do they keep their contingents on foot until they are demanded by the Diet.

The Germanic Confederation cannot be ranked as a military Power of the first order, because it forms an association of Powers which seldom act together. The troops of the Confederation, however, form an army of 550,000 men—consisting of 400,000 infantry of the Line, 30,000 light infantry, 66,000 cavalry, 48,000 artillery, and 6000 engineers. The standing armies of Europe—including those of France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and England—consequently amount to not less than 3,600,000 soldiers.

## TERRIBLE FOURFOLD MURDER IN FRANCE.

Two men, Jacques Latour, a baker, and François Audony, nicknamed Hercules, are now being tried in the south of France for a most remarkable assassination and robbery committed on the 9th of July last. The facts are these:—

In the valley of the Arize, and close to the village Labastide-Besplas, lies the château of Baillard, a straggling building. In this château lived an old bachelor, a M. Bugad de Lasalle, and three servants, Jean Lacanel, the coachman; Pelagie Byehere, the maid; and Raymond Bergé, the cook. M. de Lasalle had a considerable fortune, which he very much neglected; in fact, he was a miser and preferred hoarding up his money even to investing it in Government securities. Public report greatly exaggerated his wealth. He left home but rarely, and had always guns and swords at hand. On the 25th of February last a late remarked that the shutters of the château were closed at an unusually late hour. After making some inquiries, this man went into the courtyard of Baillard, and called Pelagie; finding no one in the kitchen, he went into the stable, where he saw several pools of blood, and in an obscure corner the body of the maid. He immediately gave the alarm, and an atrocious business was soon brought to light. The body of the maid Pelagie had been discovered on the ground floor. In a wood close by lay the corpse of Jean Lacanel, where it had evidently been dragged from the stable. It is supposed that he was the first victim, and that Pelagie Byehere was murdered after a long struggle, whilst attempting to assist him. On the first floor, where the two servants slept, was found the body of M. de Lasalle, at the foot of a bed, and behind the bed, half enveloped in the curtains, was Raymond Bergé, her head nearly severed from her body. It seemed as if she had been the last attacked, and had endeavoured to defend herself with the bed-hangings. The assassin, to accomplish his crime, must have got on the bed, for the sheets showed marks of muddy boots. It is supposed that M. de Lasalle was murdered in an adjoining room. The bodies were fearfully mutilated, and the details of the different wounds showed that unheard of ferocity had been practised on the victims after death. It is hard to account for this brutality otherwise than by supposing that the assassins were endeavouring to mislead justice. M. de Lasalle is said to have had no enemies, and the only motive for the perpetration of the crime was to obtain the treasure he was known to possess. Suspicion immediately fell on a man who went by the name of Pujol. He had been seen several times in the neighbourhood, and had disappeared directly after the assassinations. Had he remained quiet he might have escaped altogether; but he was taken up for wounding and robbery at St. Girons and Toulouse; and, as the description given of him coincided with Pujol, the matter was examined, and he was found to be the same man who had been seen wandering round Baillard. His name was not Pujol, but Jacques Latour. He was an escaped convict, he had already been in prison for nine years, and his photograph was in every considerable police-station in France. A chain of circumstantial evidence was gone into. Poor before the crime, Latour had his pockets full of notes and gold a few days later. He announced his intention of settling in the neighbourhood and purchasing a farm, and he went so far as to ask the daughter of his host in marriage, but he soon got frightened and went further off. He continually heard the affair of Labastide discussed, and, when told that one of the assassins had been arrested, he declared the report to be false; and on another occasion, when the assassins were accused of having eaten by the side of the dead bodies of their victims, he replied, "And why not? They were hungry." The evidence collected against Jacques Latour is nearly certain to lead to his conviction. He is supposed to have been aided by the other prisoner, against whom no very strong case has been made out.

During the reading of the act of accusation the two accused men, Latour and Audony, were attentively examined. Latour is dark, and has a hard expression; his eye is black and brilliant, and he looked around the court with assurance. The lower part of his face projects, and gives him a menacing air, and he is of middle height. Audony, nicknamed Hercules, has a large head, forehead, and face; his neck is muscular, and his shoulders broad. He remains nearly always with his arms crossed. His voice is feeble, and contrasts strangely with his powerful frame. The accused listened to the reading of the act, which seeks to throw upon them the culpability of the death of four persons, with great attention. Latour assumed at times an astonished air, as if he was hearing something quite new to him. Audony seldom lifted his eyes, and he was remarked to reden when a description was given of the horrible way in which the bodies of the murdered people had been mutilated. The prisoner Latour admitted having gone to the château to buy a chicken, addressing himself to Pelagie Byehere, one of the victims. "You went into the château to buy the chicken?" "No, Sir; I remained outside. We talked a little together. She told me, laughingly, 'Wait; I'll show you a pretty girl of fifteen years

old.' I said, on seeing her, 'She has not had them long.' She then offered me a chicken, which she let me have for a franc and a half. She asked me where I was going. I said, 'By the road,' when she told me I had better pass through the garden. It was then she asked me if I was married. I said, 'No.' 'Well,' said she, 'if you would like to be married at La Bastide, I have five or six nieces, and you shall have your choice.'"

After this conversation, curious if true, thus related by the prisoner, the examination turned upon his previous crimes and accusations. He asserted that he was a phenomenon of Providence, who had ordained that he should be brought before the assizes of Arège to attest his innocence.

There are no less than 150 witnesses to be examined, amongst them two sisters of M. de Lasalle, and the trial will likely occupy several days.

## IRELAND.

THE BELFAST RIOTS.—The riots in Belfast appear now to be at an end; for no outbreaks have taken place since Friday week. The antagonist parties are now at leisure to reckon up the losses they have sustained, and to bury their dead. It was feared that the savage passions would break out again at the funerals of these victims to their own passions and those of their townsmen; but nothing of that kind has yet happened, and the authorities appear now to be in earnest in adopting measures for prevention. The amount of personal injury sustained may be guessed from the following report of the house-surgeon of the General Hospital:—"I beg to report that, during the past week, there were admitted to hospital seventy-five patients, of whom sixty-six were suffering from severe injuries. Upwards of fifty of these cases were the result of the present riots in town, thirty of them being gunshot wounds, and the remainder contusions, lacerations, fractures, and other injuries of a serious character. Besides these cases admitted, there were upwards of sixty treated as outdoor patients, of which the greater portion were gunshot wounds, some of them really of a dangerous character, but which, contrary to advice, did not remain in hospital, in consequence, probably, of a fear of detection by the authorities. Up to this time only two deaths have occurred in the hospital from injuries received in the riots, but several more are to be apprehended. To meet the emergency I have been obliged to engage an additional resident staff, both of medical gentlemen and of nurses. In concluding my report, I cannot refrain from mentioning with the highest praise the exertions of all the resident officials of the institution—house pupils, housekeepers, and nurses—under the extraordinary pressure of duty so suddenly thrown upon them." Since this report was drawn up two persons have died of their wounds, and of three others not the slightest hopes of recovery are entertained. On Saturday last a large number of persons who had been arrested during the riots, either for having arms in a proclaimed district or for taking part in the disturbances, were sent for trial to the city sessions, bail in some cases only being taken. The riots are being succeeded by violent recriminations amongst those who, officially or unofficially, claim to be the leaders of the people in the city. Accusations of negligence, criminal connivance, active assistance even, are being scattered about by the partisans of both sides, and the local press is not the most backward in making serious charges. The ill-feeling on the part of the populace has not yet altogether subsided, as some of the Protestants and Catholics in the mills will not work together. Several threatening notices to masters to dismiss certain workpeople, &c., have also been given, and something like a modified reign of terror appears to prevail in the town. In the matter of arrests, the authorities seem to have been little successful, as the ringleaders have escaped, and only a few of the common rioters remain the hands of the police.

## SCOTLAND.

THE CROPS IN THE NORTH.—During the past fortnight the weather in the north of Scotland has been of the most changeable character. Some days it was so piercingly cold—in Aberdeen, for instance—as to give the notion that December had returned—a notion which had a wintry verification by the fact that snow fell on more than one morning in various quarters of the county. This severe cold would for a day or two be followed by a heat more intense than is usually experienced in the very height of summer, causing a rapid change in the appearance of the crops. For the last four or five days the weather has been more settled, and there have been several slight but most welcome falls of rain. The drought has been severely felt in the north, the pasture being scant and stunted. The oat and barley crops are, on the whole, good; and cutting has commenced in Deeside, where harvest will be general about the end of August. Turnips are fair—in some districts, indeed, a heavy-crop. Potatoes are plentiful in most quarters, healthy and of good size, with no appearance as yet of disease.

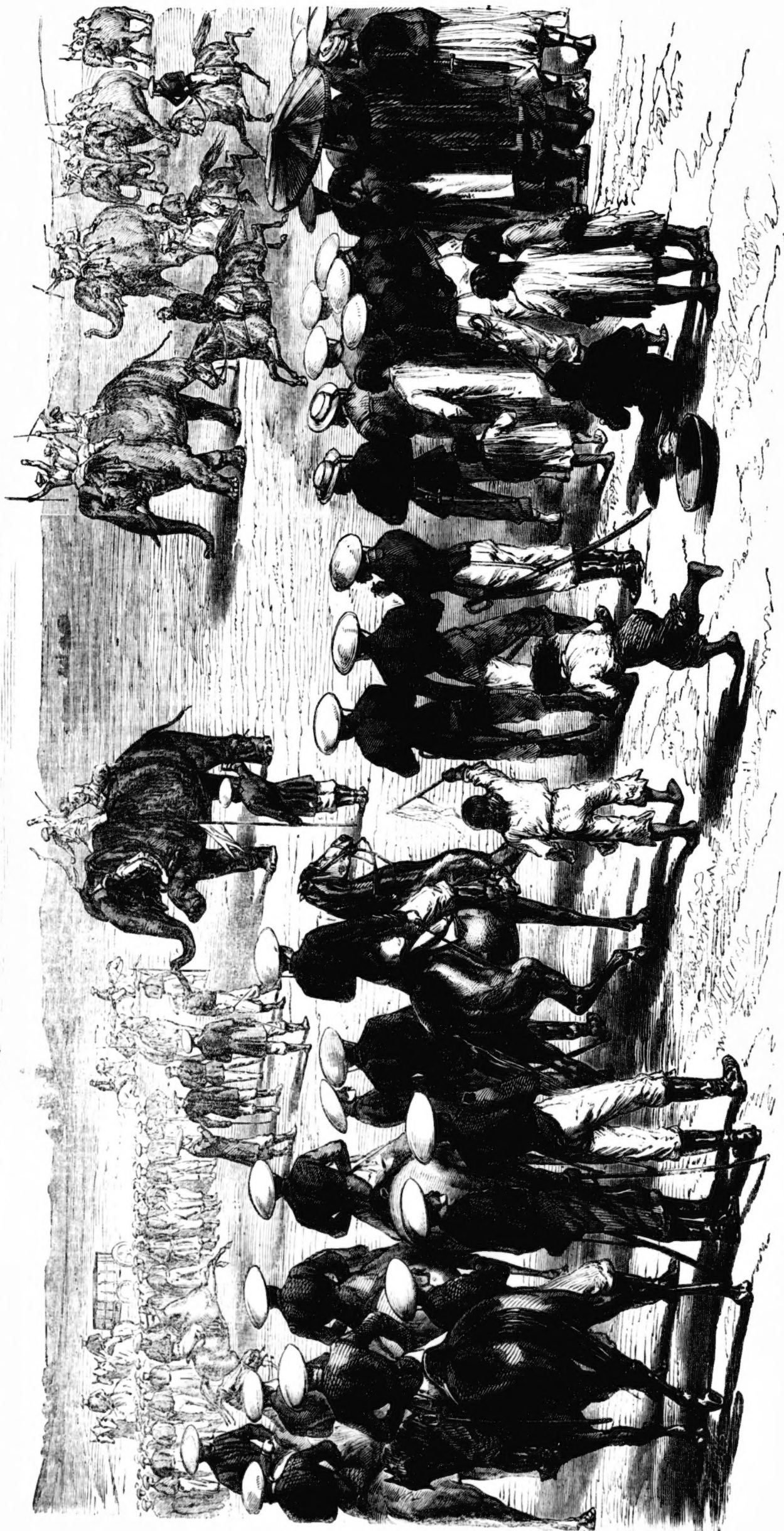
THE STONE OF SILENCE.—The *Dumfriess Herald* is responsible for the following story:—"We have many famous stones in the world—principally to be noticed the Stone of Honour and the Blarney Stone. But we doubt if many of our readers ever heard of the Stone of Silence in the Island of Arran. Its discovery happened in this way. An English tourist being recently 'doing' Scotland, was ambitious to tell his friends on going home that he had scaled Goatfell without a guide. Against this mad project a 'pawky' western Celt, who is wont to get his 'sneezin' money out of adventurous visitors, earnestly sought to dissuade him, for obvious reasons. All his arguments, however, failed, till he convinced the stranger of the utter impossibility of one unacquainted with the locality finding out of himself the really remarkable objects in it. 'For instance,' said he, in his broken English, which it would be vain for us to endeavour to imitate—'For instance,' a happy thought suggesting itself on the spur of the moment, 'there is a stone, and the strange thing connected with it is that if anyone stands upon it he can hear no sound, however loud.' 'Indeed!' said the cockney. 'Try her,' said the Highlander. Upon this the hero of Richmond-hill mounted upon the boulder, and Donald put his mouth into all the grotesque shapes which an enunciation of Gaelic gutturals requires and presupposes, slyly, at the same time, never sounding a note. The cockney, supposing he was calling loudly, vowed he could not hear a whisper. Still, not quite satisfied with the experiment, he asked Donald to change places with him, which Donald gravely did. Forthwith the man of steaks and porter began to shout, till the rocks and sides reverberated. Donald stood mute as a statue. Again the Londoner called, but no apparent symptom of auditory susceptibility rose on the solid features of the imperturbable Celt. 'Most astonishing!' said the cockney; and, forthwith taking out his portfolio, he entered the occurrence as not only the most extraordinary that had come under his notice in his 'travels' but also quite confirmatory of the remark of Donald how necessary it was always to have a 'guide' in surveying Arran. The echo of Kilarney, which the Irishman said was so good that if you asked it a question, 'How are you to-day?' it would answer, 'Pretty well, I thank you,' is not more wonderful than this Stone of Silence in our own renowned island of the West; and it shows an equal faculty, at least in the inhabitants of the latter, for gratifying to the very top of their bent simple-minded and credulous travellers. The delight with which Donald recounted the triumph of his ready wit can only be understood by those who know his fondness for ready money and snuff."

## THE PROVINCES.

SHIP-BUILDING ON THE MERSEY.—All the yards on the Mersey are exceedingly busy. On Saturday last three large ships were launched. The first launch took place at Messrs. Jones, Quiggin, and Co.'s yard. The vessel launched was christened the *Altcar*. The *Altcar* is a steel ship, intended for the East India trade, and has been built for Messrs. C. S. Lemon and Co. The ship has a carrying capacity of about 2000 tons; and, as illustrating the advantage of steel over iron, we may state that if iron had been used in her construction her carrying capacity would have been diminished by 350 tons. The two other launches were from Messrs. Holderness and Chilton's yard. The vessels launched have been built upon Mr. Henry Jordan's plan of longitudinal iron framework, with diagonal wooden planking. They are of 500 tons, builders' measurement. They are intended for the China trade, and have been built for Messrs. Trantmann and Co., of London and Shanghai. Messrs. Jones, Quiggin, and Co. are now completing the largest sailing-ship ever constructed by Liverpool builders. The vessel in question is a composite ship of wood and iron. She will have a carrying capacity of over 3000 tons.

A MODERN ORSON.—Some excitement has prevailed in Swaledale, Arkendale, the borders of Westmorland, as well as at Barnard Castle and Richmond, by the proceedings of a man who lived in the woods and on the moors. He was of middle height; and, though of slender build, he possessed considerable muscular power, as was evidenced by his surprising activity. His clothing consisted of a fragment of an old dressing-gown, reaching from his waist to his knees, fastened round him with a cord, and a few rags clinging to his shoulders. His feet and legs were covered with dirt. His hair and beard were long and matted, saving which there was nothing ferocious in his aspect, his features being naturally mild, and not unprepossessing. Occasionally he had approached farmhouses; and at Scargill and other places kind-hearted people had given him food, which he had eaten with avidity; but he had refused to accept the clothes offered him. He ran with wonderful speed, sometimes leaping into the air, and glancing behind him at nearly every step. He seemed to have no fixed route, but diverged on each side of the way as he rapidly traversed the ground. It is thought that he must in some degree have subsisted upon such game or vermin as he could catch; and he has been observed eating the garbage lying in the vicinity of farmhouses. He was perfectly inoffensive; but his singular appearance, and his mode of running and screaming, had terrified many women and children. It is related also that a man living at a farm near Barnard Castle had risen early to go to the coal-pits, but had been so frightened by the sudden appearance of the "wild man" that he hastily unyoked the horses, hurried back to the house, and barricaded the doors and windows. There is no doubt that the "wild man" is a harmless lunatic who has escaped from confinement. The police have been on the look out for several weeks, but failed to capture him until a few days ago, when the officers stationed at Greta Bridge succeeded, after an exciting chase, in securing him. He stands remanded for fourteen days to Northallerton Gaol, in order that inquiries might be made concerning him.





ELEPHANT RACE AT SAIGON.



AN ELEPHANT-RACE IN COCHIN-CHINA.

WHEN the French people say that Paris is France, they utter a truth which has more than proverbial significance; for the opinions and even the changing fashions and tastes of the capital have an influence not only throughout the country, but in remote colonies and in countries where the French soldier strives, under the most adverse circumstances, to establish the boulevard, the café, and all the delights which as a true Lutinian he is bound to honour.

"Le sport," which for the past two or three years has been gaining

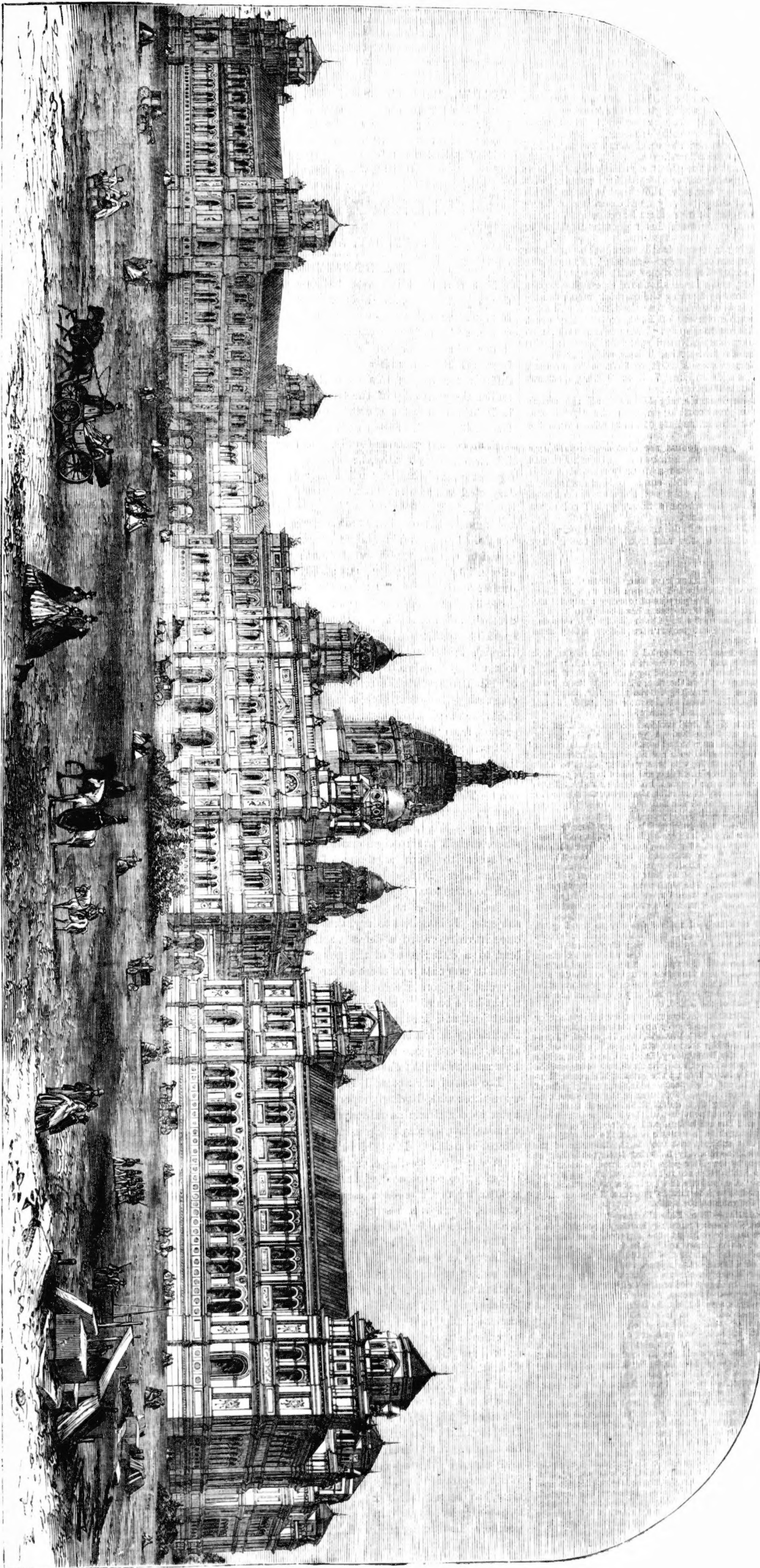
ground in French appreciation, has culminated in a Parisian Derby and a cricket-match in the Bois de Boulogne; and it is therefore scarcely surprising that, fired with similar enthusiasm, the lively and irresistible soldier should be among the first to adopt the new amusement, and, with that love of the picturesque and the extravagant which is his peculiar characteristic, should avail himself of every possible opportunity to promote it. It is with but mitigated surprise, therefore, that we publish in our present Number an Engraving, taken from a sketch made in Cochin-China, of the latest novelty of the racecourse, and one, too, which has in it all those grand elements which are so delightful to the soldiers of the Second Empire.

HAVING for the moment but little fighting on their hands, the brave troops who have subdued the Annamites are amusing themselves with elephant-races on a level course marked out upon one of the low alluvial plateaus near Saigon, formerly devoted to a contest between favourite horses. It may be understood that the jockeys in the present instance are chosen from the native elephant-drivers, the French "assistants" only in the usual sense as spectators. The race was held in "The Plain of Tombs," after the scene chosen by the artist is that presented at the moment when, after receiving from Captain Bureau the sum offered as a prize, the victorious driver remounts his elephant, who extends his huge foot to assist him to regain

his seat. The sagacious animal is no doubt aware that he, too, will receive a reward—not in silver, but in certain toothsome sweetmeats provided for his delectation. Beside the interests naturally belonging to the subject of our Engraving, the scene represents the peculiar costume adopted by the French troops during their sojourn in Cochin-China.

THE PROPOSED MUSEUM AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

WE this week publish an Engraving representing the design of the projected building, prepared by Captain Fowke, and to which the first pre-



PROPOSED NEW ART-GALLERIES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON—(CAPT. FOWKE, ARCHITECT)

mium was awarded by the Commissioners appointed to adjudicate upon the designs sent in. The drawings for this design, which have been finished with great care and are very beautiful, occupied nine frames, and were got up and mounted with skill and taste. We are indebted to our contemporary the *Builder* for the subjoined description of Captain Fowke's plan.

No other competitor has addressed himself more completely than Captain Fowke to the question of the appropriation of the whole ground extending from the situation indicated by the instructions as to be appropriated to the Natural History Museum and the Patent Museum (that is the east, skirted by Exhibition-road) to the western extremity bounded by Prince Albert's-road. His view is taken from the south, making the Cromwell-road the boundary, that way of a most effective group of buildings, composed of a central mass and four subordinate masses, the latter being

one at each angle of the ground, and the central mass being crowned by a large dome and four smaller domes. The masses are joined together only by covered ways; except as to the north, or Horticultural Gardens, side, along which the Natural History Museum, with the space reserved for its extension, forms a continuous building. From this the dome-crowned portion projects southward. In the elevation east, as in that west, a space of 100 ft. is left without any obstruction (other than the low covered way) to the view of the dome. The south-eastern mass is the Patent Museum; the north-eastern is the end of the Natural History Museum, already named. Each of the four angles of each mass at the angles of the ground is crowned by an octagon story, or belvedere.

Defering mention of the decorative details, we revert to the question of plan. Here it is seen that the design is not quite abreast with the requirements, and in external effect even would not equal what might be supposed only from the view. The centre, for a length much more than the breadth of the dome-crowned projection, is recessed from the Cromwell-road; but we question whether, considering the width of that road, the building could be seen as represented in the view. It may be quite right to give up space for foreground and access; but the whole building might have to be set back to secure the effect shown in the view we have mentioned, which the requirements, large as the space is, might not allow. Several other designs in the collection would fall greatly through neglect of the consideration of the width of the Cromwell-road and the other two roads. Trees are in the foreground of one of those views; and the building is shown as though in a park. It may be regretted that the site was not large enough to admit of due effect, and that approaches obliquely

disposed and otherwise were not made to lead up to it; but, if distance and foreground be limited almost to the width of the street, designs should be made as might be best, accepting facts. The author of the design has taken great pains to show that his general plan is divisible, according to as many as nine modifications, any one of the number being capable of being regarded as final or to be carried forward at a later time. The rooms or divisions of the museum open from one side of a side-lighted corridor; and parallel with each dividing wall is a row of columns on each side thereof. The wall and columns carry a gallery. The roofing is arranged in wide spans over the lofty portion of the room, and in narrow spans over the gallery. Except in the case of the corridors, the lighting is all from the top. Provision is made for cleaning; and, by double glazing, to prevent access of wet. Though



columns have been mentioned, the author says that none of iron are used. The system of top-lighting, repeated in large courts near the main entrance, might entail all the objections that we have alluded to. The Patent Museum complete is shown as a building square on plan, with side-lighted galleries next the external walls, four staircases, one at each angle, and a glass-covered central court. The basement story, as to the manner of lighting it, is not the same in all the drawings. The general character of this design, decoratively, is that of the works of Bramante. There are broad angles, panelled; there are pilasters; windows that are nearly all arch-headed and furnished with small shafts, sub-arches and ornamented spandrels; there is much sculpture; names of celebrated men are inserted in the frieze; and there is a bold and very effective base-moulding. The materials proposed are stone and granite, or red brick, white terra-cotta mouldings, and red terra-cotta ornament. One merit of the design is in the arrangement of the chief dome central to each elevation and surrounded by the other domes.

In the general arrangement of the plan, the guiding idea has been to have a series of rooms opening out of a longitudinal corridor, with uninterrupted side-light along one side; the object being to divide the museum into a series of comparatively small chambers, as being more suitable for the arrangement of a scientific collection than the large open spaces necessary for more heterogeneous displays or exhibitions.

The principle of lighting adopted is the same that has been employed at the Jernyn-street Museum—namely, through the haunches of the roof. A series of small rooms, with direct top light, is shown on the upper floor, and a large amount of side-lighted space is also obtained on each floor by keeping the corridor of communication open on one side. It is considered that the Curator will have at his disposal every possible variety of light, to suit the great variety of objects which he has to display. This system is much to be preferred to the ordinary hospital-ward system of covering the ground with a series of small two-storied houses, with insufficient side-lighting from the narrow streets, 20 ft. or 30 ft. wide, between them. The lower floor of a wide building, 70 ft. or 80 ft. high, cannot be lighted from a street some 30 ft. wide.

The communication is simple and straightforward, all the rooms leading directly out of one great corridor on both the ground and upper floors, which corridor is in immediate communication with the principal stairs.

The professors' and microscope rooms are placed in immediate connection with both floors of the museum by stairs at the north end of each room; they are also by this means directly connected with the small galleries, which would probably contain objects of interest to the scientific student which it would not then be desirable to show to the general public, for whom a more typical collection would be arranged in the larger rooms.

In erecting the Natural History building on the east side, the entrance would be in the centre of the east front, with the library immediately over.

**SOME NAVIGATORS FOR GEOLOGISTS TO CRACK** have been discovered in Wales. As the navigators working on the Llanelly and Swansea Extension Railway were excavating at Pontardulais for the purpose of forming a culvert, and when at the depth of ten feet, a large birch-tree, a hazel-tree with nuts on it, and (extraordinary as it may appear) a large basinful of nuts, were dug up. All these articles were in excellent preservation, although they must have lain there thousands of years.

**AN ACCIDENT**, which might have been attended with fatal results, took place in a tunnel on the London and North-Western Railway, at Liverpool, on Monday night. Eleven workmen were proceeding with a truck through the Waterloo tunnel to commence work on the line, when the truck came in collision with a goods waggon left standing in the tunnel, without any light to warn advancing trains. The men were thrown off the truck and severely injured, and it is feared that some of them will die.

**HORRIBLE DEATH OF A BRIDE**—A fatal accident, caused by a chemical match, has lately taken place at Marseilles. A young girl of eighteen, residing in the Rue Longue des Capucins, who had been married in the morning at the Church of St. Theodore, proceeded with her husband and friends into the country to pass the day. The bride, who was walking about in high spirits, was suddenly seen with her dress in a flame, and heard to utter piercing cries. She had trod on a chemical match, which had ignited and set fire to her muslin dress; and in spite of every exertion on the part of those near her the flames could not be extinguished until she had been so dreadfully burnt that she expired on the following morning.

**THE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND**.—A despatch and inclosures from General Cameron, the commander of her Majesty's forces in New Zealand, have been published. From these it appears that, after abandoning the intrenchment at Tauranga, where the English troops suffered so severely, the natives retired to two strong posts in the ranges about ten miles off. Thither, owing to the advanced season—being the middle of the New Zealand winter—it was not deemed prudent to follow them. The settlement of Whanganui being reported in danger, General Cameron transferred his headquarters to Auckland, and Colonel Warre, with 300 men, was ordered to proceed from New Plymouth to resist the threatened attack; but, in the meantime, the rebels were met and defeated by a body of natives friendly to the English rule, and Whanganui was thus placed in a position of complete safety. Troops were concentrating in Auckland, with the view of being dispatched to any point where their services might be required. Since the affair of Tauranga there has been only one collision with the troops. That occurred in the neighbourhood of New Plymouth, where the rebels attacked a redoubt and were repulsed with great loss, whilst there was but one casualty on our side. Until the commencement of September further military operations are not considered practicable in any part of the island.

**ABOLITION OF SURREY TURNPIKES**.—Active measures are being taken for the removal of the tollbars which press so heavily upon the trade of the south side of the Thames. The Act 27th and 28th Victoria, cap. 75, called "Turnpike Acts Continuance," &c., provides that the six Acts of Parliament in existence as to the turnpikes on the Bermondsey, Deptford, and Rotherhithe roads, the Greenwich and Woolwich Lower road, the New Cross roads, and the Surrey and Sussex roads, which latter keep up the gates at Walworth, Kennington Park, and Wandsworth road, shall "continue in force until the 1st of November next year, and no longer, unless Parliament in the meantime continues the same;" the object being that, unless these several trusts are continued by individual private Acts of next Session, they shall be determined on the 31st of October, 1865, and the roads then set free from toll gates and bars. Sir George Grey has stated in a communication to a deputation which waited upon him on this subject, that such is the intention of the Home Office, and he has also addressed a very flattering letter to the Earl of Londesdale, for the course taken by the Metropolitan Roads Commissioners last year in carrying through the Act in reference to the removal of the gates on the north side of the Thames. A committee of wharfingers, millowners, and inhabitants on the Surrey side has been formed to prosecute the proceedings necessary for the removal of the gates on the south.

**CAPTURE OF THE GEORGIA**.—The Federal steam-frigate Niagara brought up in Dover Roads on Wednesday morning, having on board Captain Withycombe and thirty-three men belonging to the screw-steamer Georgia, which is the property of a British merchant resident in Liverpool, and was captured by the Niagara while sailing under the British flag, on Monday, Aug. 15, about twenty miles off Lisbon. The capture was made by the commodore in command of the Niagara on the ground that the Georgia was formerly a belligerent ship, and in the service of the Confederate States as the celebrated cruiser of that name. It seems, however, that the Georgia was purchased some few months ago by Mr. E. Bates, a shipowner, of Liverpool, and some nice questions of an international character will, therefore, possibly arise out of this proceeding on the part of the Niagara. The Georgia, it appears, was under orders for Lisbon, having been chartered by the Portuguese Government for the purpose of conveying passengers between that place and the African coast or the West Indies. She had been regularly fitted up for this traffic, having accommodation for thirty first class and twenty second-class passengers. There is reason to believe that the American Commodore was kept informed of the object and destination of the vessel, and that she had been closely watched at Liverpool. This was her first voyage under her new ownership, and her crew had all received a month's pay in advance. Nothing unusual occurred till she arrived about twenty miles off Lisbon, when the Niagara was seen apparently waiting for her. Captain Withycombe did not deviate from his course until brought to with a couple of shots fired across his bows. He was shortly afterwards boarded by an armed boat's crew in command of an officer of the Niagara, who requested his attendance before the Commodore. He protested against the insult which had been offered to the flag under which he was sailing, and insisted that, as the Georgia was a British ship engaged in legitimate and peaceable traffic, no right could exist under which his course could be arrested. Upon getting on board the Niagara, the Commodore explained that it was his duty to seize the Georgia, but that he desired to cause Captain Withycombe and his crew as little discomfort as possible. The ship's papers were then taken possession of, and the crew detained as prisoners till the Niagara reached Dover, when they were landed and conveyed to the Dover Sailors' Home, where they were kindly received. Thence they will be forwarded to Liverpool. The Niagara, which is a magnificent steamer, resembling somewhat our Himalaya, saluted on bringing up in the bay—a compliment which was returned by the artillery from the castle batteries. Soon after landing Captain Withycombe and his crew she steamed off in the direction of the Downs.

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### ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1864.

#### THE BELFAST RIOTS.

Now that there is reason to hope that we have read the final report of bloodshed in the streets of Belfast, the matter becomes one which falls within the province of calm investigation and steady consideration.

The whole affair has been so curiously beside and away from all English rule and manner of conduct, that it is difficult for us, on this side of St. George's Channel, to realise the possibility of the facts. Firstly: Certain persons in Dublin set about the erection of a statue to the late Mr. Daniel O'Connell. Surely no Englishman could conceive in such an act any ground of offence to living man. While the Liberator was yet alive, he was not hated in our country, against which he railed continuously in good set terms. We respected and admired him for many powerful and excellent qualities. When the prosecution against him failed, there was no lamentation on that account from the English press or people. His great triumph upon the Catholic Emancipation question was approved by the country, and was, in fact, effected by our own Parliament. He was a bold, untiring orator, and his humour had in its character something even more English than Irish, inasmuch as it was remarkable for breadth rather than for subtlety. We have seen and heard him speaking, at Exeter Hall, in the very stronghold of our English Protestantism, and being cheered by our own pious folk, utterly heedless of all his previous exertions in the cause of his Roman-Catholic fellow-countrymen. The announcement, therefore, that such a man was to have his statue in Sackville-street, Dublin, excited no apprehensions, caused no protest, from "the Saxon."

It was reserved for the great Repealer's own countrymen, for the Orange-lodge men and the roughs of Belfast, to get up a counter-demonstration of vulgar insult to the memory of the dead. The burning of an effigy of O'Connell was intended, clearly, as something more than this. It was a direct challenge. We can conceive no parallel for it in London; since, even if the foreign denizens of Leicester-square were to meet to burn a straw Duke of Wellington on Westminster Bridge our loyal classes would scarcely rush to arms to avenge such a piece of stupid bad taste. But in Ireland people argue, or rather feel, differently on such subjects. It is useless to say, that the magistrates should at once have repressed a demonstration so well calculated to lead to a disturbance of the peace. It is easy enough to point to every stage of these unhappy riots, and show how, by exercise of vigorous common sense, the progress of mischief might have been stayed. Still, it happens to be one of the most just and inevitable of punishments for such culpable inefficiency as has been displayed in this case by the authorities, that every one with pretensions to judgment can show how matters ought to have been managed.

The cost of the riot will fall, not upon the evildoers, but upon those who, having property in Belfast, will be called upon to contribute as ratepayers. As to the action of the criminal law, we may safely assume that to be, in this instance, almost a nullity. It would be clearly unfair to select juries from one party or the other for the trial of prisoners. If mixed juries be empanelled, then, as has already been demonstrated in the case of a coroner's inquest on one of the victims, there will be no agreement upon a verdict. It remains to consider the causes of the outbreak.

This is, no doubt, to be traced, secondarily, to sectarian influences exercised by the spiritual directors of the district. We cannot be suspected of partiality in blaming both sides alike in this respect. It is not a little suggestive that some of the clergy of Belfast have been long distinguished by nicknames descriptive of the violence with which they have striven to enforce their opinions. But primarily, after all, the fault lies less with the priesthood on either side than with the flocks with whom they have had to deal. It is an inevitable rule in politics that the ruling minds shall always reflect the dominant characteristics of those below. When they fail to do so, they are supplanted. The King of Dahomey himself is but the personified, intensified savagery of his nation. Peter the Hermit did not create, but concentrated and directed, the superstition and bellicosity of his age. What emperors, kings, leaders, and priests have done in all time, has been the reflex of the people whom they have apparently led. It is vain and foolish to attempt to reform a people by instructing their chief men only in wisdom. The Irish people have now had a sample of the horrible wanton mischief, the useless suffering, and the utter failure, so far as any practical end is concerned, of appeals to the passions of mobs. We can only hope that the lesson will make a lasting

impression even upon the Hibernian mind; and that leading men, whether lay or clerical, of both sections of the people, will in future labour rather to mollify and repress, than to intensify and excite, the prejudices and passions of the populace.

#### SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

**A MARRIAGE BETWEEN PRINCE HUMBERT OF ITALY AND PRINCESS ANNA MURAT** is understood to be decided upon. Count Pepoli having formally demanded the hand of the Princess. The Prince has been visiting Copenhagen, but is expected in Paris to-morrow, when he will be introduced to his bride. He will afterwards visit this country.

**MR. JUSTICE WILLIAMS** still continues seriously ill at Exeter. **REAPING BY STEAM** has been this season extensively practised in the New Forest.

**COLONEL M'MURDO** has intimated his intention of resigning the inspector-generalship of volunteers, the duties of which office he has ably and efficiently performed since the commencement of the movement.

**ONE OF THE EDITORS** of the Paris journal *La France* has been sent out to Mexico to establish an official *Moniteur* in the capital of the new empire.

**THE ENGLISH DETECTIVES** have reached New York, and are awaiting the arrival of Müller, the supposed murderer of Mr. Briggs.

**MRS. YELVERTON** (née Mrs. Forbes) is about to commence an action for a judicial separation. At least, so says an Irish newspaper.

**THE RUSSIAN ARMY** is to be reduced, but whether permanently or not does not appear.

**AN INGENIOUS INVENTOR** announces that he has just patented an article which will afford perfect protection against any railway assaults.

**A GREAT MANY GERMAN VOLUNTEERS** are daily enlisting for service under the Emperor Maximilian.

**LORD WILLOUGHBY D'ERESBY** has resolved to give a park for the use of the inhabitants of Crief. The ground selected stretches from the upper part of Burrell-street West to the Wool Mills, and extends to about twelve acres.

**THE NEW BELGIAN CHAMBERS** were opened, on Tuesday, without any speech from the Throne. It is expected that the Session will last only a few days.

**M. DANTAN** has composed the plaster model of a bust of Meyerbeer, which is to be executed in marble and placed in the Conservatoire. The eminent artist has produced a striking likeness.

**A VICTIM OF SEA-SICKNESS** described the sensation thus:—"The first hour I was afraid I should die; and the second hour I was afraid I shouldn't."

**THE PALATINATE OF AUGUSTOWO** has been incorporated with the Russian empire, but under a Polish Governor. Augustowo has hitherto been part of Poland.

**THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON** informs the volunteers that the "efficient" badge should consist of a ring of silver lace round the sleeve of the right arm, above the cuff, passing over any other lace or embroidery which may belong to the uniform, and should not be made in the form of a chevron.

**A FARMER**, named Rolfe—whom, when a child, Sir Joshua Reynolds took as the model of "The Infant Hercules"—is still living, at Beaconsfield.

**A LARGE SHOAL OF WHALES** was seen off the Ferne Islands on Sunday and Monday last—a circumstance which is generally indicative of the vicinity of great quantities of herrings.

**MICHAEL LYNCH**, a farmer at Dromduff, near Bantry, Ireland, has been shot dead and his skull smashed in, not many yards from his own house. A man named Jack Harrington, whom Lynch had imprisoned, is in custody on suspicion.

**NEGOTIATIONS** are in progress for the purchase, by the Great Northern Railway, of Otterspool Estate, Aigburth. The price stated is £140,000. The railway company, it is said, purpose appropriating the land for docks.

**THE DUTY UPON CORN AND GRAIN** will, on and after the 1st of September next, under the provisions of the Act 27 Vic., cap. 18, become chargeable by weight, and, in lieu of the present rate of 1s. per quarter that of 3d. per cwt will be levied.

**THE PIES SUPPLIED TO THE FEDERAL ARMY** are so terribly tough that the soldiers call them leather pies. A poor fellow of Grant's army, whose arm had just been amputated, was being carried past a stand where an old woman was selling pies, when he raised himself in the ambulance and called out, "I say, old lady, are those pies sewed or pegged?"

**MRS. EMMA COUZENS**, a woman of intemperate habits, placed herself before a Great Northern Railway train and was killed. She had previously written to her sister, saying, "Before you receive this I shall be no more." She had attempted suicide before.

**FREE-TRADE PRINCIPLES** are at length extending to Spain, and a liberal modification of the customs tariff with France is spoken of as about to be proposed to the Cortes by the Finance Minister.

**A SIXTON AT CARDIFF**, who was digging a grave, was overwhelmed by a fall of earth from a grave adjoining. He remained with his head only above the soil for two or three hours, when he was discovered and dug out.

**GARIBALDI** having resigned the office of Grand Master of the Italian Freemasons, all the lodges of his jurisdiction have been convoked for the 15th of September, to elect his successor. It is said that their choice will most probably fall on M. Mordini.

**A GERMAN CHURCH** at Joliette, Canada, was struck by lightning on the 31st ult., while the congregation were assembled. Eight persons were killed and eleven injured.

**THE AUSTRALIA, CHINA, AND INDIA MAIL** which lately arrived is the largest ever brought to this country. It contained nearly 140,000 letters, upwards of 80,000 newspapers, and more than 3000 registered letters.

**SNOW FELL HEAVILY ON MONT CENIS** on the 15th inst. The crests of the Alps which surround Turin were white. That fact, the journals state, explains the lower temperature which had suddenly taken place in that capital.

**A QUESTION** is to be raised, at the solicitation of a minor dignitary of the Church, as to whether two Roman Catholics who were formerly clergymen of the Established Church should be permitted to be members of the Bar, which profession they have chosen.

**THE VICTORIA CROSS** has been conferred on Lieut.-Colonel John Carstairs McNeill, 10th Regiment, for the valour and presence of mind which he displayed in New Zealand on the 30th of March, 1864, on which occasion he gallantly rescued Private Voepel, of the Defence Force, from a body of natives.

**THE AUSTRALIANS** have hit upon an oddly clever device for correcting universal suffrage. The law arranges that when a man comes up to vote, "if not on the municipal roll," he must pay one shilling, and it is found that the list of voters is thereby often reduced one half.

**A SCOTCH BARBER**, who was much given to dram-drinking, was one day shaving a customer, who, finding the fumes of the whisky too much for him, in the middle of the job lost his patience, and exclaimed, "That horrid drink!" The barber replied, emphatically, "Ay, ay, Sir, it does mak' the face awfu' tender."

**LARGE QUANTITIES OF SILVER PENNIES**, chiefly of the reign of Henry III., have lately been found at the same spot near Eccles. The extent of the deposit may be gathered from the fact that the total quantity of these coins found numbers about 6400 pieces, having an aggregate weight of about 21 lb. avoirdupois.

**AN EXHIBITION OF CATS** has been proposed and seriously entertained. We have not heard the locale for this last phase of the show mania, and shall take care to give it a wide berth when we do. The yelping of five hundred curs would be nothing to the caterwauling of a thousand cats: a number of "extraordinary" tabbies—in the opinion of their owners which could easily be mustered in London alone.

**THE MAYOR OF SOUTHAMPTON** gave a picnic on Saturday in the New Forest to the scores of children who attend the ragged schools in that town. They marched through Southampton, attended by a band of Turkish musicians belonging to the Turkish line-of-battle ship the Peik Nusret, lying at that port. The band accompanied the children into the forest.

**A NEW EXPEDITION TO THE NILE** is being organised by the Venetian Miani. On his application, the Austrian Government proposed a subvention of 6000 florins, which, however, was refused by the Diet, and the necessary funds have accordingly been supplied by a subscription opened by several Consuls in Alexandria and taken up by the most eminent houses in Trieste.

**THE STOKER OF A SHREWSBURY AND HEREFORD TRAIN**, who was oiling the engine, slipped off, and the whole train passed over him. He had, however, fallen into a slight hollow between the rails, and escaped with the loss of three fingers, which were hanging by the skin when he got up. He took hold of them with his other hand, tore them off and threw them away, and seemed to feel so little pain that he wanted to pursue his journey to Hereford.

**THE KING OF ITALY** has just purchased of Mr. M. Webster, of Allerton, near Pickering, Yorkshire, his celebrated entire horse Canute; and of Mr. Hudson, of Brigham, his equally renowned horse General Williams. The pair are famous for their victories at the various agricultural shows. The exact prices have not transpired, but very long figures have been obtained.

**A FEARFUL COLLISION** took place on the West Midland Railway, near Pontypool, on Tuesday evening. An excursion-train from Worcester ran into a goods-train. Fortunately, no lives were lost, but a large number of persons were seriously bruised.



## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THERE is positively nothing whatever doing in town. Everybody is away except those who are going away; and men with a visiting-list half a yard long find themselves alone and desolate, even in their clubs. The very waiters look down on a man in town at this time, and the only method of recovering their good opinion is to let them know that at the latest the lingerer will be "somewhere" on the 1st. They are very exacting as to the manners and habits of their *clientèle*, are waiters.

The "silly season," as the *Saturday Review* calls it, is at its height. Enormous gooseberries and marvellous aerolites are in full force in local newspapers, and happy are the sub-editors who can "congratulate their worthy fellow-townsmen, Mr. Such-a-One, on the beautiful effect produced in his back yard by the painting of his pump and water-butt. The liveliness of the green employed by the artist, the clever Mr. So-and-So, of High-street, has a most happy effect when taken in juxtaposition with the sombre grey of the stone walls which divide Mr. Such-a-One's extensive premises from the National School," &c., &c.

Thermometers and barometers must undergo fearful exertion in this weather. First it is hot—then it is cold—then wet—then dry. The needles can hardly know what they are about, but must envy the happy fate of those weather-registers hung up in less variable climates.

I am compelled to fall back on the "enormous gooseberry" and "marvellous aerolite" sort of news, *faute de mieux*. A woman, if I remember rightly, of the name of Clarke, has recently given to the world three children at a birth. A subscription has been very properly got up and considerable sympathy expressed for her praiseworthy conduct. I should not mention this if one of the subscribers had not sent his "mite" under the—what shall I call it?—pseudonym, if you like, of "One whose quiver is full!" "A Grandad of Twins" also figures in the list of enthusiastic sympathisers with what, at least, must be considered a somewhat dangerous precedent.

You have heard of the cry of "Hé Lambert!" which with the Parisian populace has become almost as popular as the yell of "How's your poor feet?" was with us some time ago. The joke is, that Messieurs the Police of Paris considered it a seditious watchword, and endeavoured to suppress it. Several "warnings" were given, and, I believe, some few people arrested. A gendarme with highly-trained ears and a keen nose for a conspiracy might detect a similarity between "Hé Lambert!" and "L'Empire!" Thus, "Hé Lambert!" might be shouted by one voice, and another might respond, "C'est moi!" and these added together would make "L'Empire c'est moi!" Again, a treasonable pun might be intended: *L'homme pire* might be a reflection on the Emperor. It is sometimes dangerous to have a too appreciative police.

I am tired of repeating the old truism that truth is stranger than fiction; but I may say that fact is more extravagant than intentional fun. You will remember in "Pickwick" the "Brick-lane Branch of the Ebenezer Temperance Society"—well, in Wednesday's papers there was an account of a dispute between two female members of the Star of the East Total Abstinence Sisters of Progress, Trust No. 2. This certainly out-Dickenses Dickens!

Captain Burton, who has been everywhere, and, notably, to Mecca and Medina, Salt Lake City, and up and down the West Coast of Africa, has latterly been spending three months with that most desirable of hosts the King of Dahomey. The result of his experience will be shortly made public in a two-volume work to be published by Tinsley Brothers, who will issue about the same time an important historical work by Miss Freer, entitled "The Married Life of Anne of Austria," mother of Louis XIV., the Grand Monarque of history.

Spite, however, of the foregoing and other announcements for the coming season, publishing seems to have come to a pretty pass. If what one reads be true, it already has its equivalent to the large slop houses, where, instead of needlewomen, authors are ground down most miserably in price, and where £10 is paid for a story, which, after running for five months through the "St. James's Magazine," is chopped up into fragments and printed as a two-volume novel, price one guinea. When the author writes to the *Athenæum* to complain of the miserable pittance she received, Messrs. Maxwell and Co., with a great display of virtuous indignation, protest they never made so much as a penny out of the unfortunate author's writings. Fancy a leading story, for five months in a shilling magazine, afterwards turned into a two-volume novel, now advertised as in a second edition, all for the sum of £10, and not a penny profit made by the transaction! Who would write or publish books after that I should like to know?

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—The Royal Insurance Company held its annual meeting on the 5th inst., when it was announced that the year 1863 had been the most prosperous that the company had experienced. The directors' report showed the largest total income from fire premiums yet received (£341,688); the most considerable increase over the preceding years' premiums ever attained (£40,977); the largest advance in duty paid to Government in any single year, being £12,793; the greatest amount of new life assurances granted in any similar period (£752,546); and an amount of profit realised (£83,545) exceeding that of any former year. The report further notified a continuous development of business during the first half of the present year. During this period, it appears that the new life assurances have exceeded half a million sterling. The dividend declared was at the rate of seven shillings per share, which will absorb £34,100, leaving the large balance of £49,444 to be carried forward.

THE SILVER USED IN PHOTOGRAPHY.—A series of papers, addressed by MM. Davanne and Girard to the Academy of Sciences, on the subject of photography, make some curious revelations with regard to the waste of precious metals in the operation. For instance, the silver alone which is employed for photographs in Paris amounts to several millions of francs. Now, as only 3 per cent of the silver employed remains on the photograph, 97 per cent will continue to be lost unless some method be found for recovering it. MM. Davanne and Girard, who make this startling announcement, propose that plates of copper be put into the argentiferous liquid, whereby, in the course of three or four days, the silver will be precipitated in a spongy state.

MUTINOUS SPIRIT OF GRANT'S ARMY.—The North is appalled by the discovery which has been made since the dreadful Federal disaster before Petersburg, that the white soldiers of the Yankee army are in a condition of revolt against their officers, and positively decline to again assault the Confederate works. A great deal of blame has been attached to Generals Grant, Meade, and Burnside for what appears to have been a most outrageous blunder on their part in ordering their troops to charge against successive lines of Confederate defences; but it is discovered that the trouble is not with them—not with any of the general officers—but with the troops, who refuse now to again assail the line of their enemy's intrenchments—although it is an undoubted fact that had the assault of Saturday last been vigorously followed up they could have been carried. The North was never in so great a panic as it is to-day, and this is the cause of it. In truth, can the soldiers be blamed for their determination? The campaign, since the crossing of the Rapidan by Grant, in May, has been one pitiless slaughter. The Federal Lieutenant-General has earned for himself the title of the Saurwurm of America. He has not managed to win the affections of his army, and has been so careless and lavish of the lives of his men that he is now distinguished, both in and out of the ranks of his soldiers, by the sobriquet of "the Illinois butcher." The number of men in the unfortunate army of the Potomac killed, wounded, and captured, since its crossing of the Rapidan, is not less than 125,000, of which nearly one fourth have been killed outright.—*Letter from New York.*

LORD PALMERSTON AT TIVERTON.—Lord Palmerston has many times promised to visit his constituents, but gout and politics have hitherto prevented the fulfilment of the promise. On Tuesday, however, he went, and had a most enthusiastic reception. The Mayor and Corporation met him at the railway station, and escorted him to his hotel. In front of that building a large crowd had gathered, and his Lordship addressed the people from one of the windows. There was nothing remarkable in his speech, which was simply a good-humoured complimentary acknowledgment of the warmth of his reception. In the evening he was entertained at a banquet. In replying to the toast of his health, he adverted to the motives which had guided him in selecting men to fill high positions in the Church, and pointed out that the rule Bishops should lay down for their guidance was the allaying of sectarian animosities and scrupulous respect for the right of every man to judge on religious subjects for himself. The noble Lord also vindicated the foreign and financial policy of the Government, and claimed credit for having preserved the country at peace in the midst of the many broils which have distracted the rest of the world during his tenure of office.

## AMONG THE LAKES.

AGAIN I date from the lake district. My purse still holds out, and be sure that, so long as there is a golden shiner left therein, I will not see London again. I wish from my heart that you, Mr. Editor, were here; but that cannot be. Somebody must stop at home to keep watch and ward. Cabinet Ministers cannot all go holiday-making at once. At Downing-street there is at least one Chief Secretary of State told off to watch while the others play. Well, if you cannot be with me in the body, come with me in fancy. Since I last wrote I have been a-fishing; not trout-fishing, that is a delusion here. I have seen scores of young men, with basket on back and a band of artificial flies round their wideawakes, dextrously throwing the fly in the streams, and lakes, and tarns; but I have not seen a trout caught yet. My opinion is that trout—all the assertions of the interested boatmen to the contrary notwithstanding—are very scarce here. And this is the reason why. The lakes abound with pike and perch, and your trout can no more live where these voracious fish abound than chickens can live where hawks and kites are abroad. Neither are char plentiful. Tradition tells us that some of the lakes—Windermere—was once full of them; but they, too, have disappeared, or are rapidly becoming extinct. I, then, did not venture for trout, but for perch. I took a boat at Grassmere, and, proceeding to a notable perch ground, managed to bag, by aid of my boatman, some forty respectable fish in about two hours and a half. But, if the truth must be told, not more than a quarter of these must be credited to my line. I am an old hand at trolling and perch-fishing; but on this occasion I was so charmed, so spellbound, I may say, by the scene around me that I forgot to watch my float, and lost many a fish that had done all that could be reasonably expected to get itself hooked. Just imagine the scene, and you will not be surprised at this:—The air is clear and mild, the lake smooth as glass. The mountains on every side, behind me and ahead, are grand and solemn as doom. Just before me, on the grassy bank of the lake, cowering beneath a steep and lofty mountain, lies the village of Grassmere, with its antique church, under the walls of which Wordsworth lies buried. As I survey this scene, so quiet, so solemn, what wonder that I neglect my float! Even my companion, though he is on the lake every day, and might be thought to be steeled by custom against all poetry, was touched by it; and as for me,

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep,  
Dear God! the very houses seemed asleep.

But as the sun sinks below Dunmair Rise the scene becomes still more and more solemn and beautiful; for now the lake becomes a mirror, reflecting every object within its range: the mottled sky above, the amber light of the setting sun, and, most wonderful of all, the great mountains are all there as clear to the eye below as they are above. Indeed, so perfect is this reflection that it is difficult to tell where the image of the mountains ends and the reality begins. Whilst I glance down at the lake and up at the sky, I feel a superstitious awe creeping over me. All seems so unreal, so ghostly, so weird. My boatman looks more like a spirit than a corporeal presence. But now the night settles calmly down upon the lake, and it is time to depart. "Boatman," I ask, "must I go back to Grassmere?" "No, Sir," he replies; "I will row you to the bank there; and if you climb over that wall—which you can easily do, for you will find projecting stones to help you—you will get on to the road, and save at least half a mile." And this was done; and as I walked home to Rydal I was favoured with another scene which I shall not soon forget, for a quarter of an hour after I left the lake the full moon rose over Kirkstone Fell, and "o'er the mountains and the valleys her silver mantle threw." Nor were there wanting sounds to serenade me as I plodded onward. By my side murmured a rippling "beck"; the owls, too, awoke, and began to cry aloud—owl answering owl from Nab-Scau and the opposite Lough Rig Fell, as farmyard cocks challenge each other at break of day. These owls are my delight. I often stroll out at night to listen to their "merry note." But here is my home.

Since my fishing expedition I and my party have shot out upon an excursion to Keswick and Derwentwater, a distance of about seventeen miles from Rydal. We took a car in preference to the coach; it is the pleasantest mode of travelling, and, when you have four or five in your party, the cheapest. Derwentwater is about half a mile from the dull old town of Keswick, which used to be famous for its black-lead mines, whence was got the famous mineral of which Brookman and Langdon, in times gone by, made their drawing-pencils. These mines, however, have failed, and now Keswick is famous for nothing. But Derwentwater remains, and will remain for ever. This is said to be the most beautiful lake in the district, and really it is surpassingly beautiful. It is surrounded by a wall of mountains rising from its banks. At one end Skiddaw lifts up its mighty peak; at the other, Scawfell. We took a boat at the Keswick end of the lake, and rowed the whole length of the water. Our goal was Lodore—the famous waterfall of Lodore. But Lodore, as a waterfall, disappointed us; for, being short of water, it did not perform with its wonted force. We were, however, amply compensated by the beauty of the chasm through which the waters of Lodore tumble down into the lake below. We clambered up this chasm, and our delight at the scene which lay before us as we sat on a huge boulder in the centre of the rift was as wild as the scene itself. That was a pleasant excursion to Derwentwater, rather pleasanter than one to the same place which was lately undertaken by a party lodging at Ambleside. These good people—two gentlemen and three ladies—having seen Derwentwater, were tempted by reports of a short cut to seek a way across the fells into Borrodale and thence again across the fells to Grassmere. The way by the road to Ambleside is some seventeen miles; by crossing the mountains the journey may be reduced perhaps to twelve. But, as the proverb says, the furthest way round is the nearest way home. And so these bold adventurers found it; for they lost their way on the fells, as they naturally would do; and, though they started early in the morning, did not arrive at Ambleside until eleven o'clock at night. There is a path doubtless across these fells, if you could but track it; but these mountain paths have a way of hiding themselves. You go on, it may be a mile or so, merrily enough, when suddenly your path ends in a morass, or is all grown over by rank grass. This was the case, I imagine, with these tourists. "But what matter, our goal lies there, and to that we will direct our steps." Suddenly, however, they are brought up by an impassable stram, or a sheer cliff, or a swamp. They then diverge, but only to meet with other obstacles, until by turning and turning they get bewildered, and, in short, lose their reckoning and know not where they are or which way lies their home. For many hours these excursionists wandered distractedly over the fells, the winds howling around them and the pitiless rain remorselessly pelting them, for it was wild and stormy. And so they roved about aimlessly, until the night shadows came and despair stared them in the face; wet, cold and hungry, there seemed nothing before them but a night on the mountains, for to move on a Cumberland fell after dark is to tempt destruction. Fortunately, however, at this critical juncture, a shepherd by the merest chance crossed their path and got them on to the right track. It was nearly ten o'clock at night, though, before they got on to the highroad, and, as I have said, past eleven when they reached Ambleside. They had been afoot fourteen hours, and probably had tramped some thirty miles instead of seventeen.

## A LOUNGER.

THE EX-KING OF NAPLES.—The Paris journal the *Ultramontane Union* states that Francis, ex-King of Naples, is on the eve of quitting Rome. It is stated that, having been summoned to an interview with Antonelli, the Cardinal Secretary, he there found awaiting his presence Count de Sartiges and Baron de Bach, who delicately hinted to the Bourbon Prince the opinion of their respective Governments that his further stay within the Papal territory was inexpedient, and that the sooner he hastened his departure the more satisfactory would it be to all parties interested in maintaining the tranquillity of the Peninsula. Spain or Germany is mentioned as likely to be the Royal exile's future residence.

## THE METROPOLITAN SEWAGE WORKS.

THE WORKMEN'S TRAIN FROM CROSSNESS TO PLUMSTEAD. THE south bank of the Thames, some two or three miles from Woolwich, has been for many months a busy scene, owing to the vast works in progress in connection with the South Outfall of the great sewers at Crossness. Here are situated the great reservoirs for the reception of the sewage; and the engine-house to contain the four great steam-engines which will be employed in driving the pumps necessary for raising the sewage to the required level for its discharge into the river.

The site being nearly three miles from Plumstead, across the marshes, a tramway has been laid down from Plumstead to the works for the conveyance of the men and such material as is not brought by water. This tramway, with its special train containing the many hundred workmen leaving for the day, pursuing its way through the fields of golden grain, forms the subject of our illustration. In the distance is shown a general view of the works and river, and, to the left, the outer signal-house of the artillery practice-ground.

## THE MAIN DRAINAGE WORKS.

The main sewers of London run north and south, and fall into the Thames at right angles to it. The intercepting sewers fall from west to east, crossing at right angles the existing sewers which discharge into the intercepting lines at such points of crossing.

On the north side of the Thames the intercepting sewers are divided into three distinct lines, two of which, called respectively the High-Level and Middle-Level Sewers, unite at and pass over the River Lee; and the third, the Low-Level, after passing through the Thames Embankment, will join them at the proposed pumping-station at Abbey Mills. Three parallel sewers, called the Northern Outfall Sewer, each 9 ft. by 9 ft., are constructed as one work, in a concrete embankment, and are carried by aqueducts over rivers, roads, and railways to the Barking Reservoir.

On the south side of the Thames there are three lines of intercepting sewers, also known as the High-Level, the Middle-Level, and the Low-Level; and these converge to one point at Deptford pumping-station, where the sewage from the Low-Level is lifted into the Upper-Level Sewers, and their united stream flows thence under Greenwich and Woolwich, through one Outfall Sewer, 11½ ft. in diameter, to the Crossness Reservoir and Pumping Station, in Erith Marshes.

Three fourths of London north of the Thames are elevated so far above the river that the sewage can be conveyed by gravitation to the level of high water at Barking; and this is why the sewers are carried in an embankment at such a height above the level of the marshes and no pumping station is needed at the outfall.

On the south side the levels are so low that this cannot be done, and therefore the Outfall Sewer is underground, and a pumping-station is placed at its outlet to raise the sewage into the reservoir.

The High, Middle-Level, and Outfall Sewers on both sides of the Thames are now, with the exception of a very few minor connections and works, completed. The Low-Level Sewer on the south side will be finished this year; but the Northern Low-Level Sewer cannot be completed until the Thames Embankment is finished. About one third of the metropolitan sewage is now intercepted and discharged at the outfalls; and there can be little doubt that but for this the river would have been much more offensive this dry season than it has yet been.

The levels of the reservoirs are such that all the sewage which will be constantly flowing into them can be discharged into the river through culverts carried into its bed within two hours of high water, and thus it will be diluted by the full volume of the stream, and carried down by the entire strength of the tide to a distance of twelve miles below the point of discharge, which is equivalent to having the point of discharge, at low water, twenty-six miles below London Bridge. Culverts are constructed at the head of each reservoir, which will be filled by the tide every high water; and, by lifting penstocks after the reservoirs are emptied, the tidal water thus pent up will be discharged into the reservoirs and will scour away all deposit.

## THE NORTHERN OUTFALL RESERVOIR.

The Northern Outfall Reservoir was constructed by Mr. Furness, the contract price being £164,000. It covers an area of about ten acres, and is capable of containing 6,243,000 cubic feet, or 89,000,000 gallons of sewage. Its depth is about 17 ft., and it is divided into four compartments. The foundations of the walls and piers have been carried down to the gravel, which is, on the average, about 18 ft. below the surface. The marshes were protected from inundation before these excavations were made by the formation in the river of a cofferdam, a portion of which still remains to protect the river bank. There are sixteen openings in the side of the outfall sewers through which the sewage flows into the reservoirs, as regulated by the penstocks; and underneath them are sixteen openings, also regulated by penstocks, for the outflow of the sewage into the river at the time prescribed. The discharge-culverts into the river are visible only at the time of low water; they are nine in number, and in front of them is a stone-paved apron.

## THE SOUTHERN OUTFALL WORKS, ETC.

The Southern Outfall Reservoir and buildings are being constructed by Mr. William Webster. The contract price is £300,000, and the engines are in course of erection by Messrs. Watt and Co., at the contract price of £44,900.

The drainage from the low-lying districts of Rotherhithe, Bermondsey, Newington, Vauxhall, Wandsworth, Putney, and other places will have been previously pumped at the station at Deptford Creek from the Low Level Sewer up to the High Level Sewers, which carry off the drainage of Nunhead, Dulwich, Norwood, Brixton, and Clapham. From Deptford the united stream will flow through the Outfall Sewer to Crossness pumping-station, where it will be lifted into the reservoir. The maximum quantity of sewage to be pumped is estimated at 8000 cubic feet per minute, and the lift as varying from 10 ft. to 20 ft. Triple culverts will convey the sewage to and from the pumps: they are built over each other, to avoid the expense of separate foundations.

The reservoir has an area of about six acres and a half, is 17 ft. deep, and is capable of holding 4,340,000 cubic feet, or 27,000,000 gallons of sewage in the four compartments. In addition to the sewage which will accumulate in the reservoir between the periods of discharge, the reservoir will provide for storing rain to an extent which probably will not be exceeded more than a few days in the year, when the overflow will take place at a less favourable time of tide. In order to deliver the sewage into the river under as favourable a condition as possible, the deep outlet is constructed with a series of twelve iron pipes, 52 in. in diameter, extending a considerable distance under the fore-shore. About 120 penstocks, or sluices, are fixed in various places, nearly one hundred of the number being in the reservoir. For about 1200 ft. the river will be embanked by a retaining wall of brickwork, built on caisson foundations and capped with granite; the wall will be backed up with concrete, and the reclaimed ground filled in and levelled.

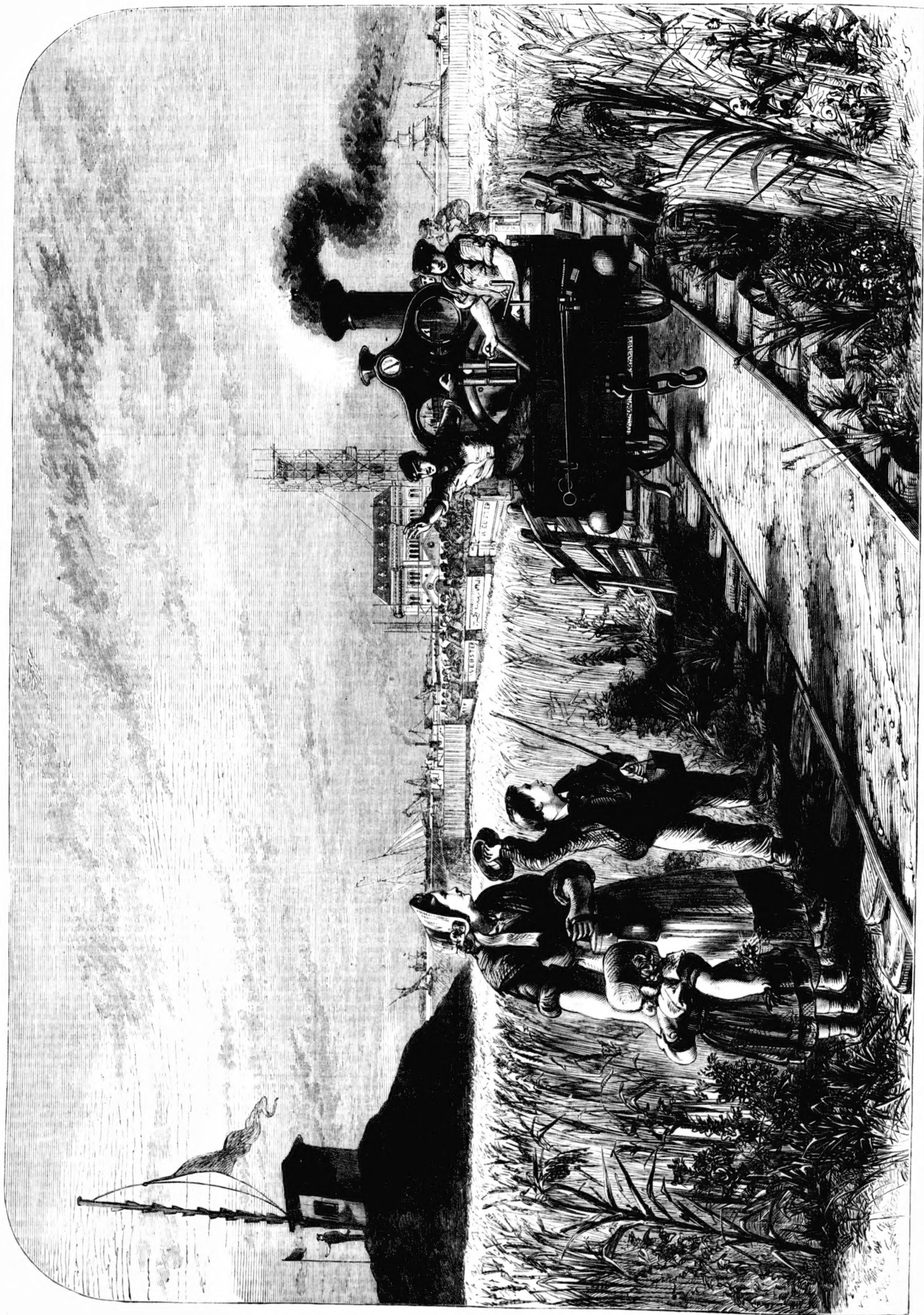
The machinery provided is of 500 (nominal) horse power, consisting of four double-acting condensing engines, each working two single-acting ram-pumps, or sets of plungers. The beams are 40 ft. long; the flywheels, 27 ft. diameter, and 50 tons weight each; the cylinder is 48 in. diameter, and 9 ft. stroke; and the plungers (eight to each engine) are 4' 6" diameter; half of them with 4' 6" stroke; and the remainder with 2' 6" stroke.

The entire area of the works, including the reclaimed ground and adjoining land, is about thirty-six acres.

A telegraphic wire is fixed along the soffit of the arch of the Outfall Sewer between Deptford and Crossness, so that, in case of accident to the machinery or other works at either end, the fact may be instantly made known and assistance procured.

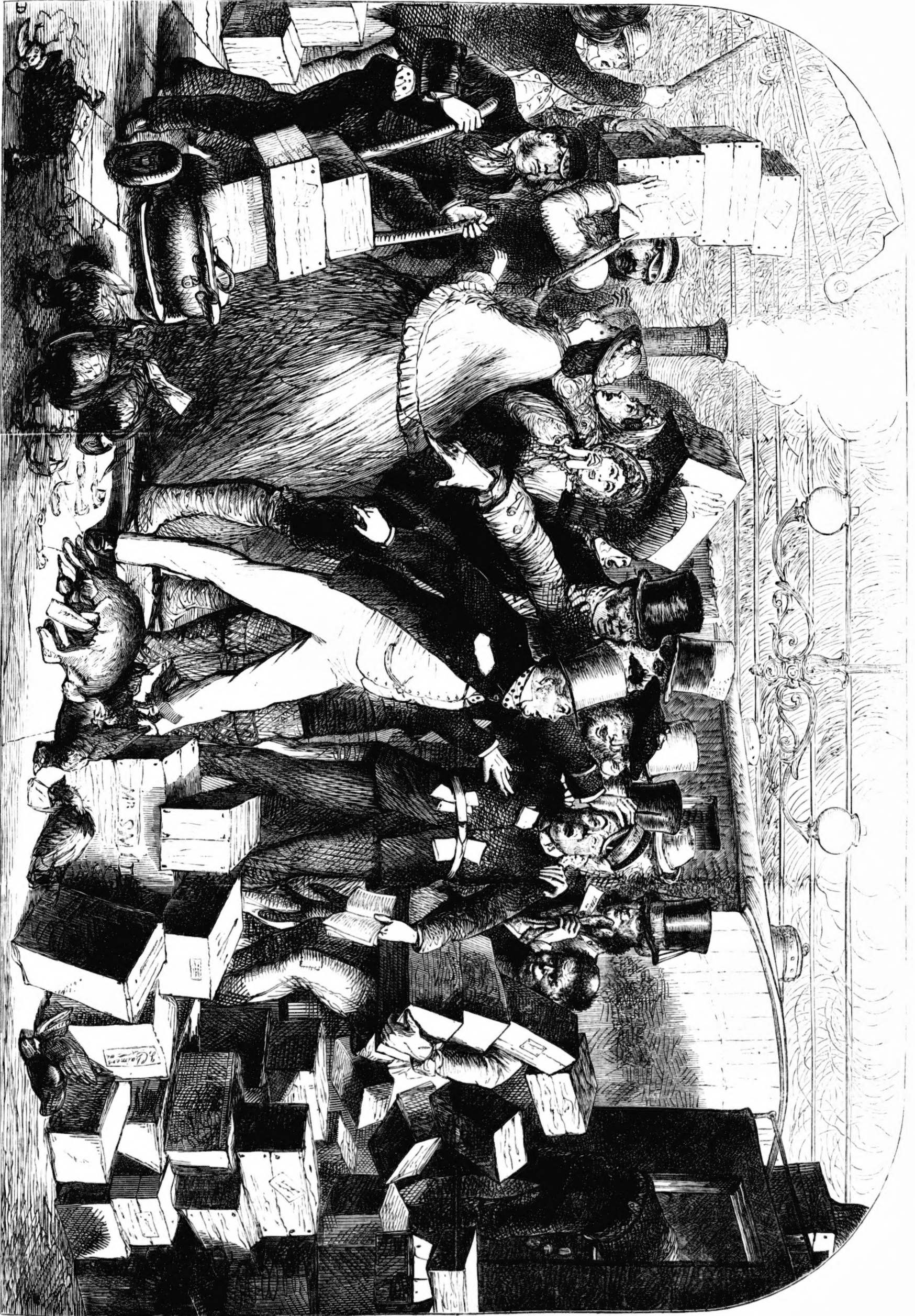
The contracts, both for the buildings and the engines, are in a forward state, and, it is hoped, will be completed by the end of the present year. Cottages will be erected for a superintendent and a staff of workmen to reside at the works, so that constant supervision and attendance may be given.





THE SOUTHERN OUTFALL OF THE GREAT MAIN DRAINAGE WORKS: WORKMEN'S TRAIN FROM CROSSNESS TO PLUMSTEAD.





CAME COMING SOUTH FROM THE HIGHLANDS.



## COMING SOUTH.

On the eve of the great shooting anniversary our artist faithfully depicted the scene presented at the railway station, where enthusiastic sportsmen assembled on their way north "to look after the grouse," and in the few days which have elapsed since the first fusillade sounded on the moors the poulterers' shops have given pretty good evidence of the work that has been done; while stragglers, who had previously not quite made up their minds, have been stimulated by the glowing accounts in sporting newspapers, and, unable to withstand the temptation of seeing their own names in the list of extraordinary bags, have found that there was nothing doing in town and that particular business called them to the Scottish border.

The reports from the most favoured localities seem to indicate that the present season is the best which has been known for the last half-dozen years; and, though in some of the grounds the late intense heat of the weather and the consequent drought have made the birds wild and diminished the amount of game, there has been on the whole a capital time for the more experienced hands.

The birds have in many districts recovered from the disease from which they suffered so extensively last season; but the sultry weather has made a very great difference in localities where the nature of the country has most exposed the ground to the drought, and in many cases not a rill of water could be discovered during the first week's shooting. The more fortunate sportsmen, therefore, have made good bags, and have been able to endure with some equanimity the terrible fagging over the burnt-up heather, but those who lighted upon less favourable localities have had a bad time of it. It may readily be imagined that to carry a gun over a great waste of stubble under a broiling sun has been too much for the enthusiasm which requires the stimulus of success; and he must be a keen sportsman indeed who can bear with unruffled patience the close sultry air in which the very dogs grow faint and are unable to get the scent of the game.

"The grouse," says a correspondent from a Yorkshire moor, "were remarkably strong, and plentiful also, but wild in the extreme, hence the little sport. The moors were parched, and all the streams dried up, causing both sportsmen and their dogs to suffer great fatigue. In some cases the poor dogs were quite exhausted, and had to be carried to water." This, however, would seem to be exceptional, and, although the weather made shooting a fatiguing pleasure, experienced shots have made wonderful sport, especially on the Scottish and Northumberland moors. From the latter we hear:—"On the north-eastern verge of the Cheviots sportsmen on the evening of the 12th found their bags well-filled, and men who could shoot straight, walk well, and had the good fortune to tread heather judiciously burnt, vermin well killed down and carefully watched, could have no good ground of complaint as to want of birds, disease, &c. Since 1826 there has not been such a dry spring and summer. The mosses and bogs are as hard as a cricket-ground, and the springs, with hardly an exception, dried up. Dry weather is invariably in favour of a good head of game, and, though there may have been some cold weather on the moors at nights, there has been no wet to starve birds after it."

In Scotland, however, the figures show surprising results, and in some districts well-known sportsmen have made such use of their guns that the game-carts must have creaked beneath their burden of birds, hares and red deer. In one notable instance, four guns completed the destruction of 428 brace in three days.

Complaints are made from Inverness-shire that the "shootings" which are let by the year are the ruin of all their neighbours who have leases and let their ground fairly. "In my neighbourhood," says a disgusted sportsman, "last year some of the moors (let by the year) were shot till there was no living thing left. The sportsmen not only shot hard themselves, filling their bags with nothing but old birds, but even left a keeper on the ground who killed every moving animal up to Dec. 10. You may imagine how unfairly this taxes the leaseholders who have to supply the deficit, for grouse will go to favourite ground. If the public could know which moors have been so treated, the owners would be obliged to put some check to unsportsmanlike behaviour in order to bring their ground into favour again. In a pecuniary point of view the present system cannot pay them as well as having plenty of birds, and sending the true account of the ground into the market, with a limited number of head, and a prohibition from leaving a keeper always at his work of destruction."

This is, doubtless, a great evil to the leaseholders; but it is only amongst the score of difficulties which are presented by the present condition of the laws, rules, and regulations with respect to the preservation of game. The greatest evil of all is the imperfect and unequal legislation, which, while it professes to recognise "wild animals," makes field sports impossible to any but those who have the means of "preserving."

This, however, is more noticeable with respect to pheasants and partridges, the former being, in effect, reared with as much care as a domestic fowl, while pheasant-shooting, in hundreds of places, affords little more sport than would be attained by banging away with double-barrels in the midst of a hen-roost. Partridges are rapidly approaching a somewhat similar condition, and country gentlemen are becoming poulterers on a large scale. There may be no reason why this should not be so, since a gentleman-poulterer is, perhaps, no more to be derided than a gentleman-farmer; the latter sends sheep, the former birds, to the London market; but the gentleman-farmer seldom does his own butchering, and, to tell the truth, the gentleman-poulterer often employs a band of keepers to thin his preserves. All that can be complained of is that the law should seem to preserve an absurd fiction on the subject, and that, when we speak of the British love for field-sports and their influence on the national characteristics, we should ever be liable to misunderstanding by appearing to include the pursuit of game—an amusement from which the "nation" is necessarily excluded, and any taste for which must remain only an unfulfilled longing. Whatever may be the case with the nation, however, all those representatives of British energy whose guns are popping from dawn to dark upon the moors are having a fine healthy holiday, and even at the railway station grouse is the principal passenger in the journey south. A fortnight ago, and gun-cases, tweed suits, leather leggings, and dogs in couples usurped the platform, where quiet travellers looked in vain for a secure corner, or only ventured out of the waiting-room to come to grief in a confusion amidst which the guard's whistle was scarcely to be heard. To-day, amidst a few of the same sportsmen coming home, the porters are beleaguered with walls of flesh and feathers—packed in cases, stowed in hampers, thrust into baskets, or sprawling in their unconcealed plumage with a hurriedly-written direction tied to their whippoor necklaces. Nervous elderly gentlemen fluttering in their plumage may iterate shrill inquiries after "that jappanned box;" swells returning from a vacation tour may issue languid directions; young ladies, radiant in the costume of a romantic tour, may compress their skirts to make way for the loaded trucks, and "look daggers" at the company's servants in vain. The game-fever has culminated here; gentility must give way to grouse, and languor to Lendenhall-market. The scent of game is in the air, the feathers of game flutter at doorways and eddy in the strong draught of air that sweeps through the station, while as the ramparts of boxes, hampers, and baskets diminish, the porters grow more heedless, flushed, and breathless as they haul the packages to the tops of the carriages or stow them into any spare corner which should remain sacred to the ordinary luggage of those who are so unfortunate as to be coming south with the spoils of the army which every year invades the north.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO DENMARK.—Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales will embark at Leith, on board the Royal yacht Osborne, on the 1st or 2nd of September. In order to proceed to Copenhagen. The Osborne will be accompanied by her Majesty's steam-frigate Aurora, 35, Captain Sir Francis McIntosh, now with the Channel Fleet at Spithead, and by her Majesty's despatch-vessel Salamis, Commander Francis Suttie, which is at present with the Fishery Commissioners in Ireland.

## Literature.

*Ten Days in a French Parsonage in the Summer of 1863.* By GEORGE MUSGRAVE, M.A., M.R.I. 2 vols. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

Mr. Musgrave is so favourably known by his "Parson Pen, and Pencil," "Pilgrimage into Dauphiné," and other books of rambles rather than travels, that nothing short of a good book could have been expected from him. And good enough the book is, there being scarcely a page that may not be read with some kind of advantage, although people will be surprised—which is no advantage in particular—at the strange contents of a "French Parsonage." The fact is, the road and fifty other things occupy half the literary journey, and Mr. Musgrave has time to loiter over the reflection that a good liver and stomach are as pleasant things at sea as a good conscience is on all occasions. To secure this freedom from physical pangs, he recommends our old friend the five grains of calomel to be taken some six and thirty hours before embarkation, and all we have to say on the point is that travellers may try it for themselves. If they are fond of feeling weak at the very moment when their best strength is required they might go the length of adding one or two more troublesome drugs. However, *La Manche* being once happily crossed, there is an end to *desagremens*. Mr. Musgrave is immediately in good spirits, and insists on some innocent commonplace in the way of teasing English people's French—that "Continental English" with which, says Mr. Kinglelake, "I and my compatriots make our way abroad." Thus time ambles, trots, or gallops, as the case may be, and he is soon welcomed at the presbytere of Monsieur l'Abbé Jean Baptiste Gand, Curé Doyen de Varennes. Here it might be supposed that the "Ten Days in a French Parsonage" would commence in earnest; but no; there are many previous questions to be moved and carried. A full-length description, moral and physical, is given of the Abbé, together with his impressions of travel in England when he was the guest of Mr. Musgrave. And, then, the place is Varennes, where Louis XVI. and family were stopped in their flight from Paris; and so a full, true, and particular account of that incident comes in as a matter of course. The same families are still dozing away in the quiet, old place, and their chief delight is to shoulder their crutch and show how fields were won—that is, to ring their bell and show how the son of St. Louis was sent back to Paris in order to "ascend to heaven." On this subject there is even a translation of a drama written years since by "an old inhabitant of Varennes, and which, in the universal opinion of the town, was considered to be, beyond all comparison, the most accurate and life-like picture of the arrest, detention, and departure (in captivity) of the King and Royal family." After this the real subject of the book is alone on the page, and those who remember Mr. Talbot Gwynne's "Nanette and her Lovers" and Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's "Two Lives" will understand how interesting and refreshing are sketches of French country parsonage life. The presbytere or parsonage is described—a handsome stone-built house, surrounded by gardens filled with choice fruits, &c.; all of which sounds much like an earthly paradise, although summed up with the minuteness of an ordinary auctioneer inspired by something of the poetic genius of Mr. George Robins. To keep up this paradise the State allows just £1 sterling per week—or, rather, that is about the average allowance of a French Curé; but M. Gand was fortunate in enjoying a considerable private fortune, and also in securing some pleasant extra allowances. Before the accession of Louis Philippe there was no house tax, now there is a tax of 40f. yearly. We may judge that economy in its true meaning, and not in its too-often misused sense, must be rigidly practised to keep body and soul together amongst the French country clergy. M. Gand has a treasure in an old Françoise, who is at once gardener, cook, housemaid, stable-helper, and odd man. These household accounts are interesting. The dinner scene is a stately chapter, where good society is met and real French opinions obtained. The impression appears to be that all Frenchmen who have been in our country adore it and us. The chapters on schools are likely to do much service, and there is beside a recipe for softening the stems of asparagus, which deserves—But it is too painful to suffer the imagination to dwell on asparagus when out of season. With such domestic matters, including the eccentricities of a French marriage and a French funeral, the "Ten Days" are pleasantly passed, and will certainly be enjoyed by anybody who runs through the recording pages. But these are parsonage matters, and those on an almost unprecedented scale. A glance outside tells a different tale. A cottage was inspected, where was considerable dirt and untidiness, though nothing like poverty; but then poverty was only warded off by industry, from which Englishmen and Englishwomen would shrink. "At this season of the year," about August, the wife could only find time to polish the pots and pans once a week, and the flooring was a mass of clay. The vine took up so much time, and there was meal to mix for the pigs, and there was the baking. Besides this, the women assist to cultivate the few acres which French peasants so easily acquire under the divisional system. "They make journeys of a mile's length three times a day, in the height of summer's heat, in autumnal rain, and in the midwinter's cold; and this, too, for a mere handful of produce."

Mr. Musgrave's volumes are very entertaining and contain much that will be found fresh, even to people who have done Paris over and over again.

*The Social Science Review and Journal of the Sciences.* Edited by B. W. RICHARDSON, M.A., M.D.

A certain interest attaches to really good reading of the sort which sometimes, though very rarely, finds its way into what are called "social science" discussions. There is, undoubtedly, a great deal of sense and truth, and must be some utility, in papers like those of Dr. Richardson on "The Diseases of Overworked Men."

But, on the whole, we cannot recommend "Social Science" literature or feel disposed to speak kindly of "Social Science" people. One of our reasons is the enormous disproportion which exists between the pretence and the performance of the writing; the fact that under high-sounding titles one finds chiefly philosophic platitudes and tract literature smeared over with phraseology of the "liberal" school.

It is a very common thing for reformers to be extravagant or defiantly mistaken, both in their writings and in their lives. This is natural, though lamentable. Leaders of forlorn hopes are desperate men, and if their courage is a living courage it will prompt them to "excess," or to what at the time will seem like excess. No blame of this kind, however, can be attributed to our so-called "Social Science" writers. Quite the contrary; their heroism is mostly of a very safe order; and, if we complained of them at all, it would be because they give themselves the airs and claim the honours of the advanced guard, while taking very good care to be never any more than abreast of a difficulty—and rarely that.

But, in truth, we complain of nothing. Let these people potter on as they please. Only one thing remains for the critic to do. He is bound to declare that this sort of thing is not Social Science. Social Science is well aware of two things—1st, That every conceivable human duty may be traced up to a moral axiom or demonstrable postulate; 2nd, That no conceivable human duty can be expressed by an absolutely unchangeable custom or formula. Now, as Mr. Carlyle has finely said (see "Past and Present," chap. v., Book III.), the Conservatism of the individual Englishman who is averse from change is highly respectable, and is, indeed, essential to our getting on at all; or, as he puts it, it will never do to let the social ledger go wholly unposted because somebody doubts the ready reckoner. But, to quote his exact words, "there is no custom that can, properly speaking, be final: none." No man living has written so vehemently in favour of "the permanent" as Mr. Carlyle; and yet he admits—what, indeed, nobody can logically deny—that every moral formula is, from the necessity of the case, only tentative; in other words, can never express absolute right, but must, some day, be superseded.

The recognition of this lies at the basis of real Social Science,

But where is the admission of it—*tacit* or express—in this precious so-called "social science" literature? It is nowhere. On the contrary, it is tacitly denied, as it always is tacitly denied, by fifth-rate people. Read these magazines, and "proceedings," and "discussions" of "sections" at associational meetings—read them, we say, and you would think that all the vital questions of life were for ever settled; that what is called "civilisation" was the last hope of the world, and that all we have now to do is to get rid of crinolines, open more day-schools, lay on extra policemen in the Haymarket, ventilate our houses, and teach little girls how to cook potatoes. We might as well look for social science in a House of Commons debate, or in the charge of a judge to a jury, as in the greater part of this writing. All this talk relates to questions of quite third-class social policy, and very rarely discloses a glimpse of a principle. On the contrary, the theories of life upon which all sorts of things are proposed by the very same people are so discrepant that we are invariably reminded, as we turn over "Social Science" records, of certain rhymes about the different kinds of weather people ask for:—

If weather and weather

Were mixed together,

The Fiend himself couldn't live in such weather.

We will try and make ourselves understood by an illustration. You say Free Trade is right. Very good. But the principle which justifies free trade condemns compulsory vaccination. Now, you may reasonably support compulsory vaccination in two different ways:—(1) You may support it as a Tory, or an adherent of the Extreme Right-hand or "paternal" school of government; (2) You may support it as a temporary expedient, justifiable as military law may sometimes be justifiable, but *only* so. And if you let out, in other ways, that you belong to the school which goes in for free trade, you are bound to show, in defending compulsory vaccination, that you do so with the full knowledge that it is inconsistent with the principle, or root-idea, of your system. But if, while pottering about free trade in customary phrases, you also talk of compulsory vaccination (or anything coming under the same category of Governmental interference) as if you believed in the Divine Right of Constables or in the paternal function of the magistrate, then you are indeed dealing with a social question; but you know nothing of social science. It is not at all suggested, you perceive, that, in order to satisfy criticism, you must take either the Right side or the Left side, but that you must avoid blowing hot and cold with one breath.

So far as we are aware, our contemporaries have mostly satisfied themselves with sneering in a vague way at the Social Science people as mere talkers. We do not sympathise with this. We agree with a great living philosopher, that public discussion is a sacred and helpful social force. It will be seen that our criticism is directed to a different question; and, having said our say, we have discharged our conscience, and feel humbly certain that we have done a useful thing.

*Recollections and Wanderings of Paul Bedford.* Facts not Fancies. Routledge.

Mr. Bedford has for so many years been upon such intimate terms with the public that there can be but few "grown-up" people who do not know his domestic as well as his professional style. Those personally intimate, and those intimate only in the lower or hearsay degree, will at once recognise in these pages the author himself, the hearty delineator of humorous character who has delighted generation after generation. A first book, written at a late period of a long career on the stage, need not be expected to be a model of literary skill and artistic finish. But the "Recollections and Wanderings" pretends to nothing of the kind, although it may honestly lay claim to be that which it professes to be. It is not exactly biography, but true and amusing material for biography; and many of the greatest celebrities of the present century are constantly upon the scene. Besides the "profession," the list of distinguished names includes the present Napoleon III., Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Daniel O'Connell, and many others. The pages sparkle with anecdote, and are, in fact, table-talk wherein the dullards do not speak. If, after dinner, the claret was passed to Mr. Bedford, and there were some discreet listeners at hand, he would probably talk his little volume through before anybody had an idea of the lateness of the hour. Mr. Bedford was born in Bath, wasted no time before he began amusing people and singing well; fell in love with Richardson's Show, tried auctioneering, then amateur theatricals, and finally settled down to the stage. From the many pages devoted to Edmund Kean, a few lines may be selected:—

In the course of the evening Mrs. Glover said, "Now, Edmund, give us a treat by repeating to us the Litany and the Lord's Prayer. I shall never forget the impression it made on me, when I first heard you read it, Edmund." He consented; and had the delivery of those sacred words been heard by our ecclesiastical brethren, it would have proved to them a lesson on elocution beyond all price. Be it understood this occurred on a Sunday evening, therefore that event will demonstrate to the world, more particularly to the strait-laced portion of the creation, that we are not the thoughtless children they consider us to be.

And here is a curious story of Kean's death:—

I was taken to the chamber of sorrow. Stretched on his humble couch lay the remains of the world's admiration, the body being ungarmented, awaiting the operation of the skilful surgical knife. On looking upon the remains of the dear departed, I observed on the left knee a large blackened bruise. Inquiring of my friend Lee the cause of that blemish, he said that, having attended the bedside of the suffering one for many an anxious night, and being on one occasion overcome by sleep, he was awakened by hearing him utter the well-known passage from the tent-scene in Richard, "A horse! a horse!—my kingdom for a horse!" and at that moment he sprang from off the couch, falling on his knee, which produced the discoloration of the limb. That event occurred about two hours before the final moment. It was the farewell dream of his earthly greatness.

Many of the younger playgoers will be surprised to hear that Mr. Bedford had great reputation as a singer. Mme. Catalani "swore by him," and took him with her on a concert tour. Next he was celebrated in English Opera at the great houses; and, finally, he became that wonderful being who was so great as Norma, as Bluebird, and still is as Jack Gong, and fifty others. Here is a literary anecdote concerning "The Green Bushes":—

Well, having reached the loved nest, the first noteworthy mark made was in the production of the ever-green "Bushes," by that fertile child, John Baldwin Buckstone; but the world-wide and domestic phrase of "I believe you, my boy" was indicated to the talented author by that tar of all nations, the late T. P. Cooke, who said that when he was a lad, at the naval engagement of the taking of Cape St. Vincent, they had on board a funny and factious messmate, who, amid the battle's roar, would make them laugh; when a shot had just cleared his figure-head, his gunmate would say, "Hollo, Joe, that was too near to be pleasant." "I believe you, my boy!" sung out Joe. And here is an account of the comedian roaming over Chelsea College. Paul is inquiring about a statue:—

When he appeared, the sentry said, "Jem, tell his honour all about that 'ere cove in the middle, yonder." We approached the statue. I then discovered it was the effigy of Charles II.

"Ah!" said I to Jem Ward, "then it was good King Charley that founded and built this beautiful residence for you brave lads?"

"Not he," said Jem, "not that ugly old cove. No, no; it was a hangel, and her name was Lady Ellen Gwynne, God bless her!"

"Ah! ah!" said I, "that's news; I never heard that before."

"I'll tell your honour how it came about. When Charley and the lovely girl used to be a driving in the carriage through St. James's Park, she used to see we old coveys a lying about there without our arms and legs. 'Oh, Charley,' said the angel to the Royal sweetheart, 'what a heartrending sight it is to see these brave fellows in such a wretched condition. Why not build them a residence, wherein they may pass the remainder of their lives in comfort and happiness.' 'Salute me,' said Charley to the angel creature, 'and it shall be done.' Therefore, your honour, instead of that ugly old covey being stuck up there, we ought to have an angel likeness of the lovely creature to whom we're indebted for all these 'ere blessings.'"

Volumes of this kind cannot fail to be amusing, and this is as fully crammed with anecdote as could be. Mr. Bedford looks back upon his experiences with evident pleasure, and is rapturous over his many friendships, modest over his many triumphs. Indeed, he has gallantly spoken more of his friends than of himself, which has not hitherto been a noted characteristic of the theatrical profession. In conclusion, Mr. Bedford says, "Au revoir pour le présent;" so that a little more gossip and good nature may amuse us before long.



## OUR FEUILLETON.

## DESDICADO.

In the autumn of 1841—a traveller, with a knapsack on his shoulder, entered Rome by the Gate of the People. It was easy to see from his costume that he was an artist. He walked straight up to the obelisk which stands in the midst of the Place of the People, and, laying down his knapsack, seated himself on one of the steps and leaned his head upon his hand. His large Calabrian hat completely concealed his face, and he remained for some minutes apparently quite lost in abstraction.

When at length he raised his heavy eyelids and his weary head, night was approaching, the "Ave Maria" had been heard, and the streets around him were full of carriages. It was the fashionable hour for the evening drive.

Desdicado watched the carriages as they approached, looked into them eagerly as they grazed the steps on which he was seated, and then disappeared in the darkness of the night.

Suddenly a landau drawn by two magnificent grey horses appeared. He uttered an exclamation of joy, and, rushing towards the carriage, placed one hand on the panel, while with the other he attempted to stop the horse of a gentleman who was riding by the side of the vehicle. The animal reared, and the rider, indignant at his progress being so abruptly checked, struck the artist in the face with his riding-whip, struck spurs into his horse, and galloped over the body of the unfortunate young man, who was left, apparently without life, on the ground.

The whole scene took place in an instant, and the only person who witnessed it was an artist of the French Academy at Rome, named Lorentz. He rushed up to the traveller, raised him in his arms, and, placing him against the obelisk, made him drink a few drops of the pure and limpid water that is constantly pouring forth from the mouths of four marble lions.

When the young man had recovered his consciousness, he raised his hand to his forehead, and, finding there evidences of the blow inflicted by the whip of the horseman, he pressed his other hand convulsively against his breast, and two big tears rolled down his pale, thin cheeks.

"You are in pain?" inquired the Frenchman, touching his forehead.

"Yes, I am in pain," answered Desdicado, placing his hand upon his heart.

"And so it is you, Desdicado?" said the Frenchman, at length. "You, who last year, at Florence, were the happiest and gayest man in Italy. Who would have thought of meeting the elegant and proud Desdicado in such a costume and such a condition as this?"

"You little know what accumulation of misfortunes may happen to a man in the course of ten months, nor how many years of grief a single day may contain," replied Desdicado, mournfully. "Yes, I am Desdicado. But tell me, my friend, who is that man who struck me in the face. One of us two shall not live to see that mark of shame disappear."

"Do you not know Prince Mariani, the favourite of the Pope and of all the Cardinals, the caprice or the passion of all the women in Rome; in short, the fortunate lover of the Marchioness de R.?"

"You are talking either foolishly or falsely," cried the impetuous young man. "He cannot be the lover of the lady you name. There are so many Marchionesses in Rome," he added, more calmly, "that you may easily make a mistake. No, you do not know her; the snow of the mountains is not more pure than her heart, and with such a man as Mariani she could have nothing in common. The Madonnas of your Raphael are not more angelic than Beatrice, and to mention her name in connection with Mariani is nothing less than sacrilege. Calm and sad she passes through the world, without mixing in it. She scarcely belongs to earth, and it is impossible to look upon her heavenly countenance without feeling that she cannot remain long among us."

"I was in error," replied Lorentz. "The Marchioness you speak of does not live within these walls. She must inhabit some other city, or perhaps is still in that heaven from which you have just made her descend. There is only one Marchioness de R. in Rome. You saw her pass just now like the phantom of your love, and the wheels of her carriage, less aerial than herself, were very nearly crushing you to death. That was Mariani, I repeat, who was riding by her side."

"But who told you?" exclaimed Desdicado, "that Mariani was her lover? That is like you all. A woman's honour and reputation have no value in your eyes. But you should remember, Lorentz, that a woman's good name is like crystal, and that it should be approached with a most delicate hand."

"So you love this woman?"

"I love her," replied Desdicado.

"Poor fellow!" said Lorentz. "Desdicado," he added, "if any of my words have wounded you take your stick and your knapsack, and shake off the dust of your shoes elsewhere than at Rome. The holiness of your love would suffer too much in this city. Come, my friend, take my advice; this Mariani has profaned the idol of your adoration."

"Lorentz, explain yourself fully."

"At the age of sixteen," commenced Lorentz, "Beatrice was married to the old Marquis de R., the richest, and probably also the oldest, man in Rome. She lived with her husband quietly, peaceably, and in perfect retirement. The marriage was to be deplored, then, for two reasons—first, the fair Beatrice was sacrificed by the avarice of her parents to an old dotard; secondly, the society of Rome was deprived of its most brilliant ornament. When the Marquis died, Beatrice, after the ordinary period of mourning, returned to society, and was surrounded on all sides by admirers. But none could produce the least impression upon her; and at last she went away from Rome to live in liberty and peace elsewhere."

"Yes, that is Beatrice; that is certainly she!" exclaimed Desdicado.

"Listen," replied Lorentz, coldly. "A year afterwards the Marchioness returned, and then Mariani was seen eternally at her side. He had conquered the cold, the austere Beatrice."

"But, once more, I ask you what proof you have to give me?"

"All Rome says so. Mariani himself says so. What do you think of the matter now?"

"I think Mariani is a coward and a liar!" cried Desdicado, rising. "To-morrow I shall have the honour of two persons to avenge."

"What do you mean?" said the Frenchman. "Surely you are not going to challenge Prince Mariani, the most dextrous duellist in Italy? Besides, what have you to challenge him for? You threw yourself in his way, you stopped his horse. It was impossible he could recognise you in the dress you are wearing, even if he knows you; and he struck you merely that he might get rid of an obstacle. What you received you certainly provoked. As for defending Beatrice against a man whom she can scarcely consider her enemy, that appears to me to be a still wilder idea. I can understand that if she has been unfaithful to you."

"Unfaithful!" interrupted Desdicado; "but she never loved me. My hand never pressed hers; she never gave me the most distant sign of affection."

"Well, Desdicado," said Lorentz, at last, "whatever you do I am your friend. I shall not soon forget the happy hours we have passed together, and if my advice or my arm can be of assistance to you, you know that you can command my services."

"Farewell till to-morrow, then," said Desdicado, as he threw himself into his arms. "To-morrow, at sunrise. It will perhaps be my last day."

"You have not told me what you intend to do," said Lorentz; "but if before to-morrow morning you should happen to have need of my assistance, you know where I live, and I shall be sitting up and thinking of you all night."

Desdicado jumped into a coach and told the driver to take him to the residence of Prince Mariani. There was a fête that night at

the Prince's palace. The front of the mansion was brilliantly illuminated; the courtyard was crowded with carriages, and through the open windows the sound of music could be heard, and the silk, the gauze, and the flowers of the ladies' ball-dresses occasionally were visible. Desdicado mingled in the crowd, and thus succeeded in reaching a remote gallery, in which he remained for some time concealed.

He had been there an hour when at last two figures passed close to him.

"Why so sad and meditative to-night?" said Mariani to Beatrice, who was leaning on his arm. "You were to have been the soul of this fête, which, without you, is dull and dead. But you appear for an instant and then at once depart. Oh! Beatrice, what can I do to move your heart? I have tried everything; but to my grief, my joy, my supplication, and my threats you are alike insensible. Can nothing bring a tear to those eyes or a smile to those lips? Or," he continued, as he placed his hand on a Diana, "are you like one of these marble statues, perfectly beautiful but also perfectly cold?"

"You say that I am sad and meditative," replied Beatrice; "but the music tires me, the perfumes make me feel faint, the light dazzles my eyes. Let me go, Mariani. I passed my youth in tears and grief, and the world possesses no charms for me."

They disappeared, and Desdicado heard only the rustling of the Marchioness's silk dress, like the rustling of leaves agitated by the wind.

Mariani, after accompanying Beatrice to her carriage, was returning to the ball when he met an intimate friend, whom he at once dragged to one of the refreshment-rooms, and, filling two goblets with wine, exclaimed,

"Beatrice is stupid or mad. I drink to 'Easy conquests!'"

He had scarcely raised the glass to his lips when he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and, turning round, found himself face to face with Desdicado.

Pale and terrible as the statue of the commander at the banquet of Don Juan, Desdicado led the Prince to a neighbouring terrace, and, throwing back his long hair that his forehead might be clearly visible, said, as he placed his hand on the scar,

"Do you recognise me, Prince?"

The Prince was almost dumb with astonishment.

"You struck me with your whip, and you must allow me to answer the affront with my sword," said Desdicado. "At daylight, at the foot of that obelisk where I was insulted, thrown to the ground, and trodden upon, I shall await you."

There was so much dignity in the manner of the young man that Prince Mariani, although he scarcely remembered the incident which had led to this meeting, could not refuse his challenge. The appointment was made for the next morning.

Five minutes after the interview with Prince Mariani, Desdicado was at the entrance to the palace of the melancholy Beatrice.

"The Marchioness does not receive at this hour," said the servant who came to the door.

"Tell her I have a letter for her from Prince Mariani," replied Desdicado. "And it is a letter I must deliver myself," he added; "for I have sworn by all the saints that she shall have it, and have received my wages for giving it, and here are yours."

With these words he offered the servant four Roman crowns, which were eagerly accepted. This was all the money Desdicado had; but what was that to him, now that he had only a few hours to live?

The servant disappeared, and returned to conduct Desdicado along a series of galleries, at the end of which was a door covered with a curtain.

Desdicado appeared before Beatrice as pale as the lamp of alabaster which hung suspended from the ceiling of her oratory.

Beatrice was seated at the window, enjoying the delightful breeze which came towards her from her orangery and flower garden. She held out her hand mechanically towards the stranger, as if to receive Mariani's letter. Desdicado took her hand and pressed it in his own.

"Who are you?" cried the Marchioness, as she rose from her seat in great alarm.

Then, as if she had nothing to fear from the timid young man who stood trembling before her, she said again, in a calmer voice, "Who are you, and what do you want with me?"

"I love you. Have you forgotten me?" exclaimed Desdicado. "As the dying man wishes to see the sun before he expires, so, being on the point of death, I longed to see you."

"Always the same!" murmured Beatrice. "But what do you want?" she continued. "You know that I do not love you."

"That I know too well. When first I saw you at Florence I saw my fate too plainly in your eyes. But for three months I was happy. I walked, I rode by your side; I accompanied you wherever you went; and I felt the joy of seeing you constantly and being for ever in your presence. To be able to accompany you to balls and fêtes, to ride by your side, to go with you night after night to the theatre, I spent in three months the whole of the small patrimony which should have enabled me to pursue my studies at the University. I followed you everywhere—to Venice, to Naples—wherever you went. At one town I gave lessons, at another I painted portraits, and at a third I even recited verses in the streets, that I might still have the pleasure of seeing you, if I could no longer aspire to your society. At last, when you started for Rome I followed you here on foot, and on my arrival I find—"

"Find what?"

"That the love refused to me, who worshipped you so ardently and so purely, has been offered to a man in every way unworthy of it—in short, to Prince Mariani."

"And you could believe that, Desdicado?"

"How should I not believe it when all Rome speaks of it? Was he not by your side this very evening when, in your presence, before your eyes, he struck me with his horsewhip? But he will suffer for it or I shall not survive the affront!"

"Unhappy youth!" cried Beatrice; "you would fight with Mariani?"

"This next morning at sunrise. How much you must love him!" he added, observing her excitement.

"But you are lost, Desdicado!" she exclaimed; "and for me! And you thought Mariani was my lover. Oh, how terrible this is! He will kill you, Desdicado; and I shall die of despair."

"Tell me only that you do not love him."

"He will kill you, I say," she continued. "What can you do against him, the most deadly duellist in Italy?"

"Tell me that you do not love him."

"I tell you that you are dead."

"But if you would have me die in peace let me only know that he has never gained your love."

"Desdicado, you alone know my heart, and you must know that if I appear to receive his attentions in public it is only to free myself from the attentions of a thousand others more importunate than he. I never loved him; and if my heart has ever yearned towards anyone it has been towards you, my poor, suffering, devoted Desdicado!" And she threw her arms round his neck and covered him with her embrace.

But soon the sun rose in all its magnificence behind the blue mountains of the Tiber. Desdicado cut a lock from Beatrice's lovely hair, and disappeared with a light heart to meet the terrible Prince de Mariani.

Desdicado had never held a foil in his hand, and he was about to cross rapiers with the most practised swordsman of Italy. But he had chance on his side, which, after all, is a terrible adversary.

Desdicado made such an utterly bad and improbable thrust that his antagonist, unprepared for a style of swordsmanship not recognised in the fencing schools, fell, dangerously wounded.

Without thinking of the consequences of his act, he returned in the face of day to the palace inhabited by Beatrice. But Beatrice was not to be seen.

He called a second and a third time, but still was not admitted.

He received a letter from the servant who opened the door. The letter was in the following words:—

"I detest love, with its rights, its privileges, and its tyranny. Last night I pitied you; for I looked upon you as a dead man. Now that you are alive, remember that I am dead to you.—BEATRICE DE R.—"

The same envelope inclosed an order on a bank for 10,000*fr.* Desdicado tore up the order, accepted a small sum from his friend Lorentz, and soon afterwards, just when the carriages were beginning to appear in the Place of the People, might have been seen walking through the gate with his knapsack on his shoulder.

## GOSSIP ABOUT SOME FIGAROS.

THE production of "Les Coiffeurs" at the Variétés Théâtre drew Timothée Trimm, of the *Petit Journal*, into a strange train of gossip about barbers. Timothée began in his best oracular style:—

Hair is a power that nothing can conquer. If it chooses to fall off, the fat of the hydra of Lerne itself will not make it change its mind; if it decides to grow, the law fatal to all humanity is powerless to shackle its ambitious flight. The hair and the beard grow after death!

The barber, like the lawyer, has his term of probation. For eight days he operates on a wooden head covered with rice powder. Thus he cultivates the lightness of his hand, and learns how to shave without notching the chins of his customers.

The country barber lathers with his hand; but he introduces into the mouth of his victim something to round the cheek into perfect smoothness. This object is ordinarily a ball; still, in country villages it is not unusual to have the question asked—"Will you be shaved with the thumb or the spoon?" That is to say, which of these articles will you choose to have inserted into your mouth?

A barber's apprentice was one day shaving a customer. He had his thumb bound up with linen, and seemed to be suffering from the pain of it.

"What is the matter?" said the customer whom he was about to commence lathering.

"I shall be obliged to shave you with the spoon to-day, Sir," said the barber, naively, "for I have cut my thumb in shaving a beard."

This brings to mind an anecdote of a barber of Blois. A customer entered and asked to be shaved. The operation of lathering was long in being accomplished, and with reason. *Barbe savonnée longuement est à moitié faite*, says the proverb. The patient could not but perceive, however, that the hand of the operator trembled during the process. The arm appeared to belong to an epileptic. "Sir," said he, "your hand is very unsteady."

"Don't say a word," replied the barber; "I have the worst luck in the world."

"You are very likely to cut me," said the customer.

"Against my wish, most assuredly," returned the barber.

"It would not be the less disagreeable," observed the victim.

"Have you ever inflicted a gash?"

"Ah! Sir," answered the man, "you open my wounds afresh. The other day I was shaving an intimate friend, an acquaintance of twenty years standing, the cream of men, a being who would not contradict a child. He was there, in the very place, the very chair where you are now. I begin to shave him;—my tic seizes me;—I give him a cut on the nose!"

Needless to add that the listener rushed out of the shop at this juncture, his chin covered with soap!

Each epoch is represented by its coiffeur. Leonard wrote the memoirs of Marie Antoinette: he was a pedant. Plaisir tells us anecdotes of the Court of Charles X.: he is a gossip. Mariton coiffed Louis Philippe in silence: he was commercial.

The hairdresser of the Empress is called *Le Roi*. The Emperor's coiffeur is named *Majesté*. These are not profane names.

Let us cite several celebrities amongst hairdressers. Félix is a very fair type of his time. He is not a gallant abbé, like Leonard; nor an anti-Jacobite, like Plaisir; neither is he a virtuous valet-de-chambre, like Mariton. Félix is simply an autocrat. When sent for by a lady, he arrives in a carriage, like a physician.

"Monsieur Félix, I wish my hair to be dressed with double plaits, mixed with coral beads."

The artist looks at his subject while drawing off his white gloves.

"What dress do you wear, Madame?"

"White moire antique," replies the lady.

"Moire! It is rather in the butcher's wife style. However, in any case, coral does not suit you."

"But I like it so much."

"What is that to me, Madame! I dress hair according to my own inspirations, not according to the ideas of other people. I am the coiffeur, not you. Coral is heavy, English; it is a creole's ornament. A wreath of pomegranates, on the contrary, would suit you charmingly."

"Still, Monsieur Félix—"

"If Madame has no confidence in me, she had better call in another artist. I bear the responsibility of her appearance."

The rival of Félix is Petrus, the coiffeur of the Grand Duchess of Baden. He is the flatterer *par excellence*.

"Madame," says Petrus to brunettes, "every great female character has had black hair—witness, Judith, Rachel, Lucretia, Malibran—regal foreheads, crowned with diadems of jet."

"Madame," says Petrus to blondes, "when God made a companion for Adam He gave her your glossy tresses; and what proves the superiority of your colour over black is, that German brunettes used to paint their dark hair with gold powder."

"Madame," says Petrus to ladies turning grey, "white was honoured under Louis XV., and will be again. You will have an opportunity of seeing before long how powder will suit the softness of your face."

Petrus is a consoling angel; he soothes heads while he arranges them; his comb goes farther than the glossy curl or the raven braid—it tickles the imagination.

The coiffeur is long in shaving—by system—for the public will have it so. His aristocratic customers do not consider the operation perfect unless it includes lathering three times.

Under the coat of the coiffeur—the apron of the barber—we have not sought for the citizen. To us it matters but little that Dagé shirked M<sup>me</sup>. de Pompadour for M<sup>me</sup>. de Châteauroux, or that Jasmin makes a good National Guard. Our notion is that a coiffeur ought to have no particular opinion; his salon is the rendezvous of all. His mission is to arrange beards, not ideas. Just as he sells *sachets aux millefleurs* to his customers, so he ought to have an aroma for every taste, a compliment for every idiosyncrasy.

Once, however, knew a hairdresser who was a thoroughly hardened politician. I was in his shop in 1852. A great act had just been accomplished. The French empire was established, and every customer, every new-comer, had something to say about the new Sovereign. The barber alone was silent. At last he was appealed to. "Come," said they, "you say nothing. Are you not of our opinion? Have you any complaint against the newly chosen?"

"Yes," replied he, with firmness.

"What is it? Surely you love his name, bringing back to us all our old glory?"

"I have nothing to say against it," answered the barber.

"Do you blame him for loving peace?"

"It's a mercy granted to us."

"Do you condemn the English alliance?"

"No; it is indispensable. One must be on good terms with one's neighbours."

"Do you disapprove the Louvre achievement?"

"No; it is a chef-d'œuvre of art—an honour to the country."

"What reproach, then, have you to make against the one chosen by the suffrages of six millions?"

The barber looked at us fixedly, and then, in a solemn voice, answered, "HE SHAVES HIMSELF!"

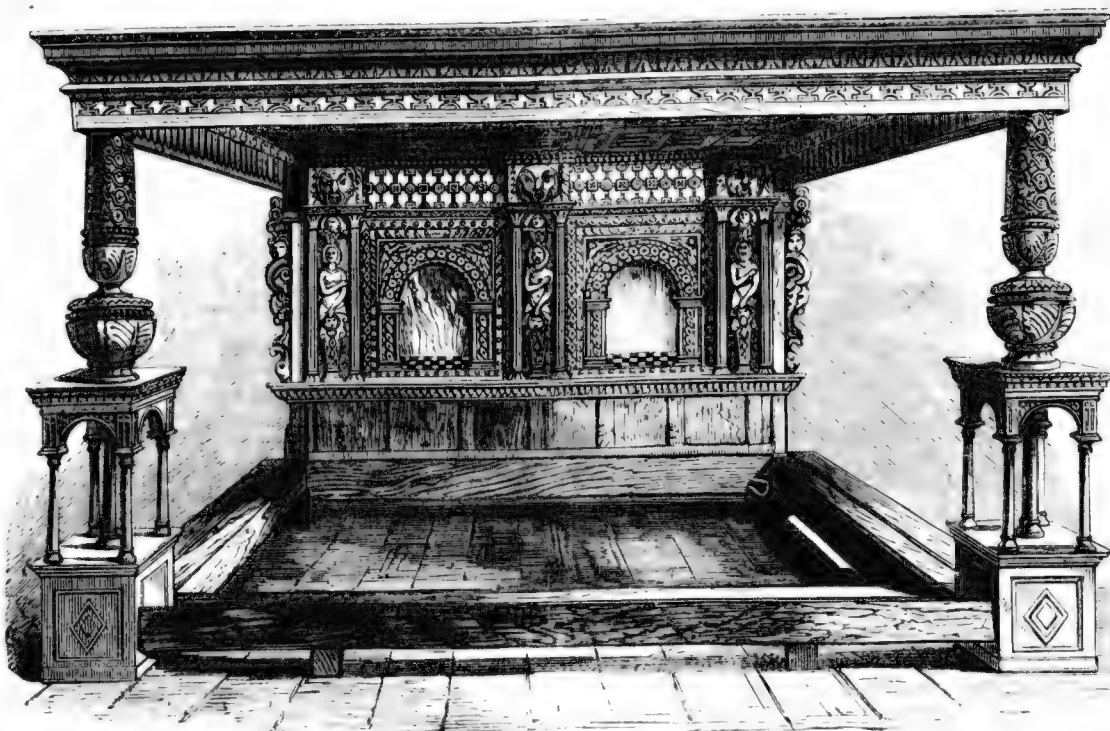


### THE GREAT BED OF WARE.

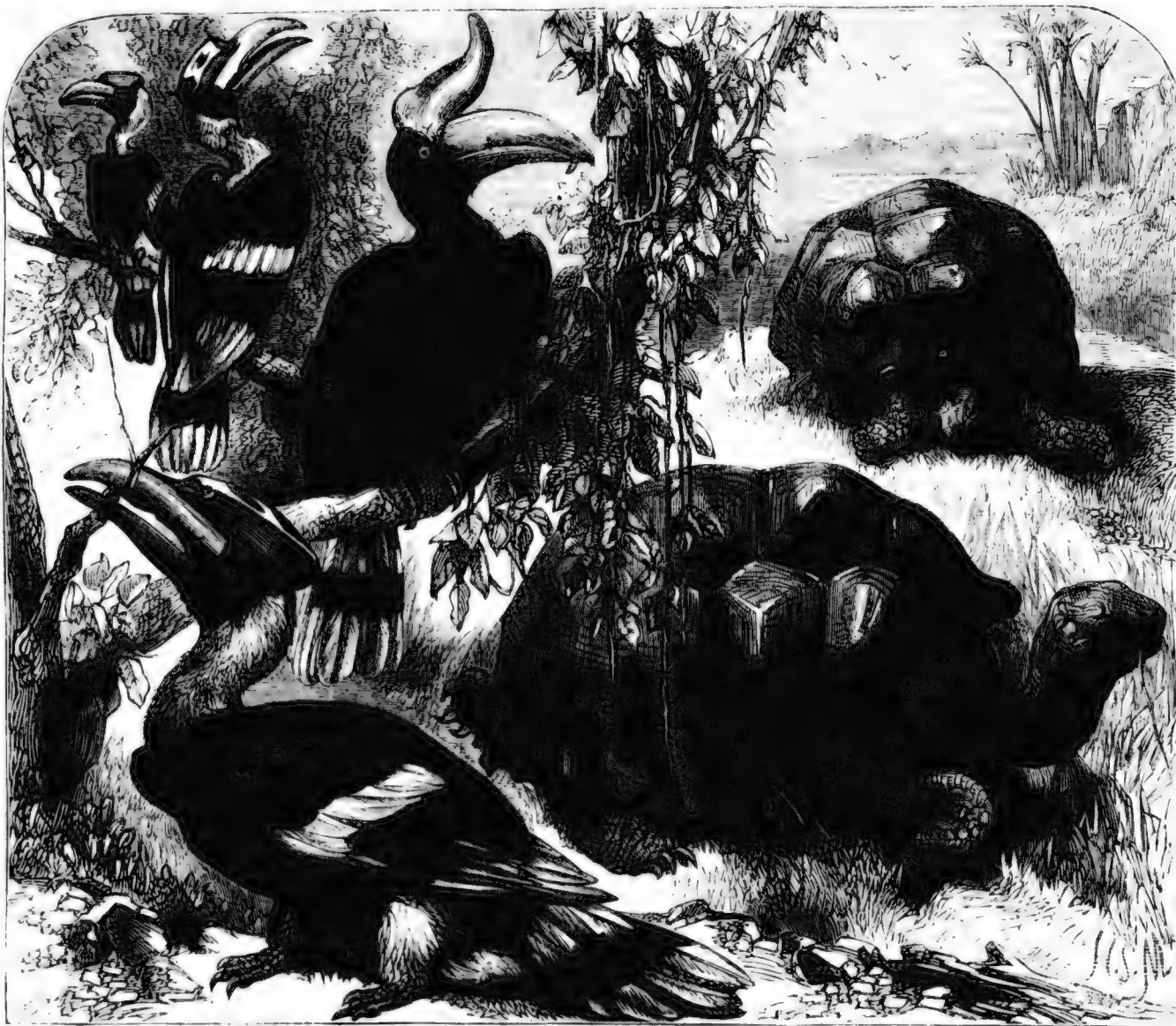
ONE of the most ancient of the few remaining relics which have come down to the present generation by popular allusion as well as by actual preservation will be sold by auction, at Hertford, on the 30th inst.

The Great Bed of Ware, though but a modern piece of furniture when we consider the antiquity of the town which it has contributed to make famous, is yet a very remarkable article of furniture, and for many years was regarded almost as one of the wonders of the world, and worthy of a pilgrimage from London for the purpose of seeing it, especially as Ware itself was an important place, with a lively market, an old church, and a noted inn, called the Saracen's Head. The date which may be seen upon this famous bedstead is 1463, and no allusion to it is found at an earlier date. Indeed, in 1408 the town of Ware was destroyed by an inundation; and either from the "wears" or locks which were then formed for its future safety, or from the old Danish "wears" said to have existed in the original village before the reign of John, it is said to have derived its name, although this is very doubtful, since it figures in "Domesday Book" as *Waras*. Whatever may be the antiquity of Ware, however, there can be no doubt that the great bed, of rather bedstead, is as well-preserved a piece of cabinet-work as can be found in the country; and as it is 10 ft. 9 in. square and 7 ft. 6 in. high, the allusion to its size was worthy of the bombastic extravagance of Sir Toby Belch ("Twelfth Night," act iii., scene 2), who, when he counsels Aguecheek to send a challenge to his supposed rival, bids him "Go write it in a martial hand; be curt and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention; if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie on thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the Bed of Ware in England, set 'em down." The bedstead is a very fine example of wood-carving, the posts, which represent urns sustained on a sort of pillared portico, being of very elaborate workmanship. The upper part of the head-board is wrought in architectural ornamentation, and on the tester there is carved work of red and white roses, which, it may be supposed, represents the union of York and Lancaster.

The "great bed" formerly occupied a room in the mansion-house at Ware Park, but was afterwards removed to the Saracen's Head, where it was a famous sight for



THE GREAT BED OF WARE.



HORNILLS AND INDIAN TORTOISES, RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE ROYAL ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

visitors, who, according to traditional records, would frequently make up select parties of twelve and engage it for the night, in order to put its enormous capacity for accommodation to the proof. It was also an old custom, whenever a company went to see it, to pass round a can of ale and drink to some appropriate toast, a freak the fun of which was heightened by the presence of a pair of horns in the room, under which the same burlesque oaths were sworn as those which were once customary under the horns at Highgate.

### RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE COLLECTION IN THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

#### THE HORNILLS.

LIVING examples of these remarkable birds have perhaps never before been brought to Europe in the adult state. The Society are indebted to the kindness and liberality of the Baboo Regenda Mullick, Mr. A. Grote, and Mr. W. Dunn, for the three fine specimens now exhibited in their gardens. These birds are natives of the Indian Islands, some of the larger kind being found only in Sumatra and Malacca. They feed principally on fruit and berries, but occasionally consume insects, small birds, reptiles, and mammals. Their

habits are but little known. Some of them (if not all) build their nests in hollow trees, the male bird building up the entrance with mud or similar materials, and thus imprisoning his wife during the period of incubation. A small hole is left, through which he feeds her constantly. This fact is well established by Mr. Wallace and other reliable observers. The voice of the hornbill is loud and discordant, and the birds make a great noise in flying. Notwithstanding their powerful and monstrous-looking bills, these creatures are very tame, and exhibit much affection towards each other and to those who feed and caress them.

#### INDIAN TORTOISES (TESTUDO INDICA).

The two specimens of these animals in the gardens are of large size, one of them weighing above 150 lb. and measuring 6 ft. in girth. This size, however, is very inferior to that attained by some of the species, specimens having been met with weighing over 300 lb. The animals now in the gardens appear to be in good health and condition. They feed freely upon vegetables of various kinds, and are also partial to boiled rice and bran, of which they consume a considerable quantity; they are fond of water, and drink frequently.



THE GULF OF CANNES.





PINE-TREES ON THE BEACH AT CANNES.

**CANNES.**

NUMEROUS as are the instances of obscure villages rising by some unexpected discovery or some lucky accident to the dignity of towns and the importance of wealthy corporations, there can scarcely be found one which is a more striking example of such good fortune than Cannes. Our own Bath traditionally owes its reputation to Prince Bladud, who was supposed to have discovered the invigorating properties of its waters; not that Prince Bladud did much for it after all, for until the beginning of the last century Bath was but a shabby, straggling town, and it may be doubted whether Beau Nash did not effect more to raise the city from the poor lodgings of a few languid bathers into a town of palaces and a fashionable resort than Prince Bladud would have done had he lived till now and wept salt tears twice a week.

Now, there are no waters at Cannes; that little obscure fishing-village, looking over the gulf and across the blue strip of sea to the three small islands opposite, had scarcely water enough for the people to drink. Indeed, a grand fête has but just been concluded to announce the fact that at this beautiful retreat people may in future quench their thirst with pure water, since, by certain engineering operations—under the direction of MM. Contre Grand Champs, chief engineer; Camerc, surveyor of bridges and roads; and Lagarde, superintendent—some of the waves of the Siagni, one of the few rivers of Provence, have been borrowed to fill the tanks, irrigate the fields, and water the beautiful pleasure-gardens of the town. At this fête all the celebrities—including the clergy, with the Bishop of Ceranne at their head—took a prominent part, and for an entire day the picturesque little place, which seems to have grown like a fairy palace in a night, was rendered still more picturesque by the official uniforms, the flags, and the other gay accessories of a public demonstration. It is true that, previous to 1834, Cannes had been celebrated in French history from two events—the imprisonment of the Man in the Iron Mask in the little island of Saint Marguerite, opposite the coast, and where the tower, with its thick wall of masonry and its single barred-window, still perpetuates the remembrance of the mysterious captive; and the landing of Napoleon I., on his return from Elba. It had thus much connection with history, and yet it might have remained a little obscure, straggling, fisherman's village to this day had it not found both its Bladud and its Nash in the person of a distinguished Englishman. Lord Brougham, on his journey towards Italy by way of Nice, was stopped, as some other travellers were also, by the fear entertained by the King of Sardinia of the cholera, which was dangerously prevalent in France and England. What other travellers did on the occasion is not recorded; but Henry Lord Brougham was a philosopher, and a very natural philosopher; so he went out for a walk and discovered a new territory, which he declared was in point of salubrity equal to Nice. It is scarcely too much to say that he planted the British flag on this new-found land—at all events, he took possession of it by making it his summer residence and at once commencing to build a villa there, which he named *Eloise Leonore*. Before long, visitors who had learned to associate the soft and yet invigorating air blowing under the pine-trees upon its shore with

renewed health, followed the noble Lord; and when once the tide of fashion set that way, the little fishing-village, with its quaint tower at the end of the promontory looking towards the gulf, became a place of note; its hut\* and narrow streets gave way to wide roads; while villas and mansions in every style of ornamental

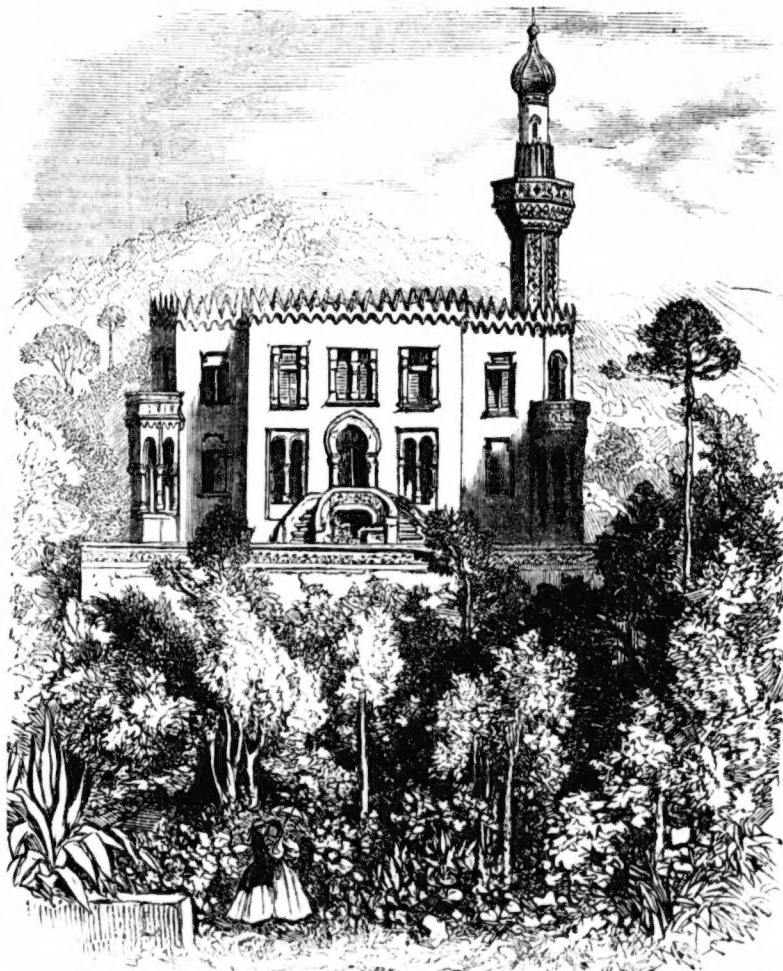
“villa residences” for families of distinction contrasting strangely with the natural features of the district, the old tower, the prison standing solitary on the little desolate island, and the wildness of some part of the coast. All sorts of vehicles, too, rattle down the slopes and through the streets; and in brougham and basket-chaise the representatives of Great Britain visit the house where the great French actress, Rachel, spent her last days, in the retirement of her little villa, with its garden and orange-grove.

It would, perhaps, be unfair to omit in a mention of the first settlers at Cannes the names of General Taylor, who built the villa of St. George, and of Mr. Leader; but since their first visits the place has been, perhaps, too much given up to sham Renaissance and all the other varieties of cockney architecture. Whatever fault may be found with this substitution for the neat, white, Italian villa of the neighbouring States, however, Cannes itself continues, and will long continue, to share with Nice, Hyères, Pau, Arcachon, and the Gulf of Jouan, the reputation of a resort for invalids; and nobody who looks out across its azure sea to the picturesque islands of Lérins, and feels the genial warmth of a climate where winter lasts but a few days, can doubt that the discovery and foundation of Cannes are amongst the many evidences of Lord Brougham's eminent ability.

The new buildings, however, have almost extinguished the interest of the Gothic Castle and the old church; but it will be long, we trust, before they encroach upon the olive plantations and the orange-groves, or shut out altogether the sight of the vessels at anchor in the bight opposite the quay, as seen from the slope of the hill. As to its trade in those articles of commerce for which it is mentioned, even in recent gazetteers, as being celebrated—that is to say in oil-barrels, anchovies, sardines, wine, olive oil, citrons, fruit, grain, and soap—that may last until Cannes is elevated to the rank of a principal town, and a hundred merchants establish stores in the business thoroughfares leading from the great boulevards.

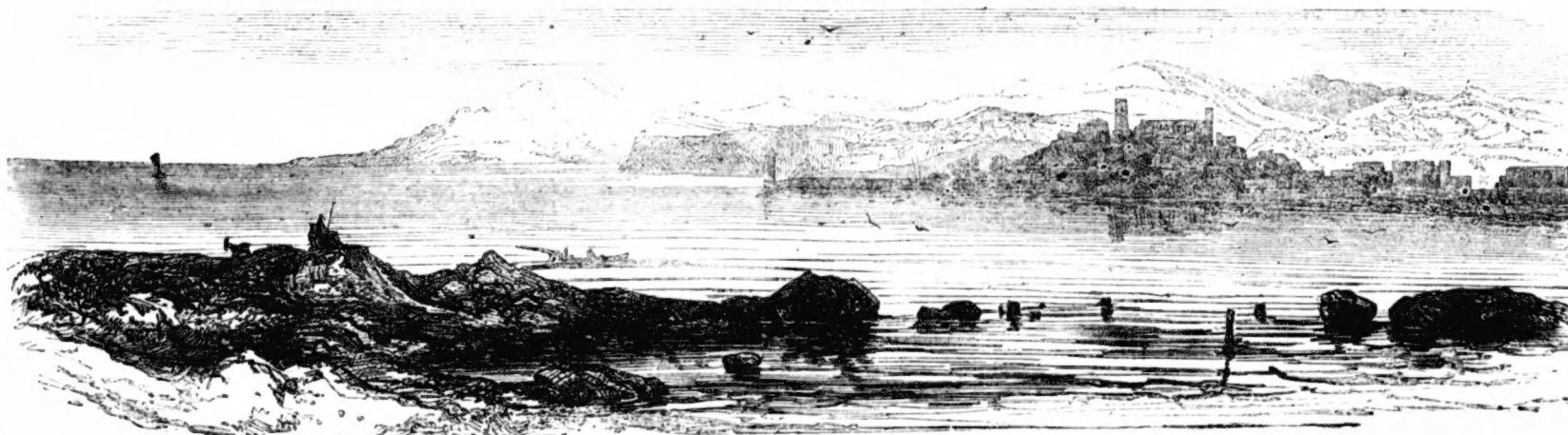
**ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.**

AN interesting show of new, extremely rare, and very beautiful plants has been held in the conservatory of the society's garden at South Kensington. The object of the council in inaugurating the show was to exhibit to the fellows and the public the numerous rare and beautiful plants which had been brought before the floral committee during the past three years. The schedule of plants included stove plants in flower, stove plants out of flower, remarkable for their foliage, greenhouse plants in flower, greenhouse plants out of flower, remarkable for their foliage, orchids in flower, hardy plants in flower, hardy plants out of flower, hardy conifers, stove ferns, greenhouse ferns, hardy ferns, and miscellaneous. Of these, stove plants out of flower, greenhouse plants out of flower, hardy conifers, and the ferns of all species were in great number, and included many beautiful specimens of the several varieties. The exhibitors were required to state the price at which they were prepared to sell the specimens exhibited, as the council intend to make purchases, with a view of distributing these rare plants amongst the fellows. First, second, and third certificates of honour were awarded, according to



THE VILLA ALEXANDRIA, CANNES.

architecture arose upon its heights, and in the most eligible spots, apart from the old village, which long remained as an evidence of the dirty obscurity from which the whole place had begun to emerge. By this time the grub—the chrysalis—has changed into a sort of Anglo-French butterfly, the Elizabethan and composite



CANNES AND ITS ROADSTEAD.



the merit of the plants exhibited. One fourth of the gross receipts for admission to the show was divided among the gainers of these certificates, in proportion to their grade of honour. Another fourth was divided among the whole of the exhibitors, according to the space they occupied. Amongst those plants specially remarkable for their beauty or rarity may be specified Messrs. Herbst and Stenger's *Sedum Sieboldi pictum*; Mr. McArthur's *Bonapartea juncea filamentos*; Mr. Thomas Ingram (gardener to the Queen), a beautiful specimen of *Lilium auratum* in full blossom. Mr. Linden, a Belgian nurseryman, of Brussels, amongst a beautiful collection of Japanese plants, exhibits a rarity, named by him the *Rogiera gratissima*, which excited great interest amongst the English exhibitors and the learned amateurs who attended the show. Scarcely less interesting, though not possessing the same claim to novelty, were a fine specimen of the cotton-plant in full pod; a fine Dove-plant—the *Espirito Santo*, or Holy Ghost-plant, of the Mexicans—in blossom; and a male *Aucuba* from Japan, by which a beautiful specimen of the female plant—the *Aucuba japonica* vera—had been fructified, and was exhibited in berry.

In spite of the long drought, the flower-beds and sward have been kept in admirable condition, so that the public, who yesterday thronged the conservatory, the orchid-houses, and the maze—when, by her Majesty's command, the gardens were freely thrown open to commemorate the birthday of the late Prince Consort—were able to form an excellent idea of the beauty of a garden which many probably visited for the first time.

#### GREAT FIRE AT WOOLMER FOREST.

DURING the past week a most destructive fire has been raging on the large tract of land known as Woolmer Forest, lying between Liss and Slayford, in the county of Hants, and bordering upon the Forest of Alice Holt, near Farnham, Surrey. On Tuesday evening week a portion of heath and furze were known to be on fire on the Government ground near the spot on which the troops usually encamp at Woolmer; but, as fires of this description are of frequent occurrence, no particular notice was taken, and it was not until Wednesday that the fire began to assume an alarming appearance. On that evening several large trees, in addition to the heath and furze, were burning. The flames spread so rapidly, in consequence of the dry season, that all attempts to check their progress were unavailing. Great excitement then prevailed in the locality, the flames being distinctly visible at Guildford, Clandon, Aldershot, Farnham, and for a circuit of about twenty miles. As fires at night are generally deceptive as regards distance, and the south-western horizon was completely reddened by the glare, it was supposed by the military authorities at Aldershot that the town of Farnham was in flames, and a detachment of the camp fire-brigade, with a patent engine, was dispatched to assist in quelling the supposed fire. At Guildford it was for some time believed that the town of Godalming was the scene of the conflagration; while other places were likewise deceived. On Thursday and Friday the fire had spread over a tract of several miles, consuming everything in its way, including huts and cottages, and it was feared that, unless vigorous measures were taken to check it, the village of Liss and other places would be destroyed. Detachments of troops were therefore sent from Aldershot, consisting of the 75th Regiment, under Colonel Radcliffe; 83rd Regiment, under Major Venables; and of the Military Train and Royal Engineers; the whole being under the command of Colonel Simmons, R.E., and numbering upwards of 800 men. On their arrival at the scene it was found that between 7000 and 8000 acres of plantation had been burned, and that the fire was still raging. As it was impossible to suppress the flames, some of the men were at once ordered to check their further progress by digging trenches, while others were employed in cutting boughs from the trees and beating out the fire as it approached the trenches.

The exertions of upwards of 1000 persons, military and civilian, at length succeeded, after incessant working for three whole days and nights, in subduing the vast conflagration which for nearly a week had been devastating the forest, especially that portion known as Longmoor Inclosure. The task was not only arduous, but was attended with great danger, as the flames spread rapidly; but it does not appear that any injury of a serious nature has been sustained by the men employed in beating out the fire or digging the trenches. The military workmen were relieved every two hours, each relay consisting of 160 men; and, in addition to these, a large number of civilians were employed by the owners of the private property in the immediate vicinity to render assistance. The troops, having succeeded in stopping the progress of the flames, left the scene of devastation on Sunday morning at six o'clock, and returned to Aldershot. The detachments of the second battalion Military Train and Royal Engineers left at a later period of the day. The officers and men presented a most singular appearance, being completely begrimed in smoke, smut, and dust, which the absence of water and the nature of their duties had necessarily allowed to collect upon them.

The fire had penetrated to a depth of two or three feet in the earth, the soil being chiefly peat. The forest, which was once celebrated for its red deer, has been completely devastated, and thousands of firs and other trees, together with a large quantity of game, destroyed. Fortunately, the occupiers of the huts and cottages on the land were enabled to save their furniture and other effects. The damage done is immense, the whole tract from beyond Liss to Slayford, a distance of seven miles, extending a width of about three miles, having been laid waste. It now presents a charred and blackened appearance. The origin of the disaster is unknown, but it is suspected to have been the work of an incendiary.

**THE FORESTERS' FETE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The great annual fête of the Foresters at the Crystal Palace came off on Tuesday, but, owing to the wet weather, was not nearly so numerously attended as on preceding occasions, when from 70,000 to 80,000 persons have been present. In spite of the continuous rain, however, at an early hour in the morning the roads leading to Sydenham were alive with four-horse vans, filled with Foresters and their friends, while the stations of the lines of railway running to the palace were crowded. By one o'clock it was estimated that upwards of 30,000 persons had entered the palace, a larger proportion than usual of the visitors wearing the Robin Hood costume, while nearly all wore the regalia of the order. The committee had made preparations for the amusement of the large crowd expected to assemble, great exertions having been made to bring up the number of visitors on this occasion to 100,000. This object would probably have been realised had the weather continued the same as it had been for the last two months. Among the special attractions announced were the exhibition of the new life-boat on the upper terrace, built for, and presented to the National Life-boat Institution by, the Order of Foresters; a grand procession round the extensive grounds of the officers and brethren of the order, in full regalia; a display of the whole series of fountains; and a balloon ascent by Mr. Coxwell. The life-boat was there, and proved a great attraction. The fountains were played twice during the day; but, owing to the saturated and sloppy state of the grounds, consequent upon the rain, the procession was abandoned, and an apology was made for the non-ascent of the balloon owing to the wet weather. This disappointment was borne with the utmost good humour. Outdoor dancing, the game of "kiss-in-the-ring," and picnic parties, usually forming such prominent features in the amusements of the Foresters' day, had also to be abandoned; but, to make up for these disappointments, the committee arranged for a large addition to the excellent musical programme within the building, and an amateur theatrical performance in the large concert-room. The hippodrome in the grounds, with a company of equestrians, gave a number of extra performances. The palace was lit up at dusk, and large numbers remained to "see the palace by gaslight," it being a late hour at night before the last train of visitors left for London. To accommodate the visitors who had purchased tickets beforehand, and were enabled to make use of them on Tuesday, the directors of the Crystal Palace, the Crystal Palace Committee of the London United District of the Ancient Order of Foresters, and the Brighton Railway Company have concurred in allowing Foresters' tickets for Tuesday to be used on Monday next, when the fête of the London Gymnastic Society, a French excursion, Mr. Coxwell's balloon ascent, and other entertainments will take place.

**THE GREAT FIRE AT LIMOGES.**—The latest accounts from Limoges state that a corps of artillery from Bourges, led by their officers and assisted by the troops of the garrison, are labouring incessantly, though the ruins are still hot and the dust most oppressive, in clearing away the rubbish. During the four days the military have been thus employed they have already cleared a space of 500 yards, and loaded more than 2000 cubic metres of the remains of the houses demolished by fire in carts placed at their disposal. Great as the calamity is, it might have been worse. Among the houses destroyed by fire was that of a gunmaker, in which a large quantity of gunpowder was stored. At the commencement of the fire it was not supposed that it would have reached this house. It was thought sufficient to place the powder in a vaulted cellar, but when it was found that the house would inevitably become a prey to the flames the Mayor's deputy determined to have the gunpowder removed to the barracks. This dangerous operation was performed by a few courageous volunteers. Two explosions were heard shortly after. They were caused by two small parcels of gunpowder, which were forgotten. Had the 600lb. weight of gunpowder exploded which had been removed from the cellar, the consequences might have been disastrous. In another street, to which the fire was approaching, there was a store full of spirits of wine. The spirits were removed by fifty dragoons, with the exception of a few casks which were too heavy. One of the causes of the rapid progress of the fire was the inflammable nature of the materials of which the houses were composed. Being mostly of wood, they ignited with fatal rapidity, and the streets being narrow, they were in flames on both sides simultaneously. The fire ceased to spread when it met a house built entirely of stone.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### MR. ROBERTSON'S PORTRAITS OF CONFEDERATE CELEBRITIES.

To those who are reading the present page of American history, these pictures—authentic and reliable portraits of the Spartan leaders of the South—will be invaluable as illustrations. A curious interest attaches to them, moreover, from the fact that they have "run the blockade." They were passengers on some low, black snake of a steamer that crept through the beleaguering squadron and sped away to sea, laughing all pursuit to scorn. We almost picture to ourselves the canvases hanging in the little cabin, gazing, with strange speculation in their painted eyes out toward the Federal cruiser in chase. They have passed the peril, and are here among us to bring before us vividly some of the chief actors in the great tragedy of endurance that is being enacted South. Many an exiled Confederate will doubtless visit this collection at No. 314, Oxford-street, and find food for comfort in the pale, stern faces of the men who guard the freedom of his country.

We are glad to see that Mr. Robertson, while exhibiting his larger canvases (some still unfinished), has had the good sense not to put away his original sketches, many of which have that indescribable something of character and truth which is so evanescent that it too often is missing from the replica, however carefully and conscientiously painted.

By some strange freak of nature, Jefferson Davis, the President, whose portrait is the first to which our attention is drawn, has much in it that is usually held as indicative of the "Yankee" type. This may, perhaps, be owing in some degree to the peculiar beard—of the same cut as that so familiar in the portraits of his rival, Abraham Lincoln. There is more refinement, though, about Davis; and the intellect, cool, calculating, and indomitable, which looks out of his clear grey eye, exerts a "higher pressure" on the physique than is usual to the common run of Americans. One impression which the portrait leaves on the mind is that the sword is fretting too thin a sheath.

General Lee's honest, fine face, with its silver locks and beard and bright brown eye, might well look out of a Middle Age casque, so marked is it by a chivalrous nobility. As he stands, in an easy but commanding posture, clad in the plain grey uniform, with the simple three stars on the collar, he looks the very impersonation of firmness, boldness, and vigour; for the snows on his head are those of experience, not decay. In the original sketch, the eye has a jovial, rollicking expression, and the face a merry, kindly smile, which, in the absence of the uniform, make us fancy that we are regarding the likeness of some veteran *littérateur*, running over with *bon mots*, epigrams, and anecdotes.

Beauregard's face is probably the one which would be selected as the handsomest by a lady visitor. It bears unmistakable signs of his French origin. Indeed, with shaven cheek and small iron-grey moustache, he might pass for a hero of the Crimea. A fine thoughtful head is his, and there is no lack of firmness and decision in the thin, compressed lips, half hidden by the small iron-grey moustache aforesaid.

General Stuart is another whose nationality is to be read in his features. Unmistakably Scotch, with a bold, laughing blue eye, a tawny beard, and the length of feature peculiar to the North, he looks like some gallant cavalier who followed the young Pretender. The illusion is assisted by his slouch hat and black plume. This picture is one of the most telling of the group, marked by considerable vigour and character. But, undoubtedly, the best is that of Stonewall Jackson. If we see the Cavalier in Stuart, in Jackson we almost expect to find the brown beard (time had dealt more gently with the great captain than we were led to suppose), curling crisply over the steel gorget and buff coat of the Puritan. He seems like a modern Hampden (in fact, there is some resemblance to one picture of the patriot that we have seen), and is painted, as his men "loved to see him," in the act of reading prayers. His arms are flung out right and left along the horizontal limb of a tree, and his head is thrown back. There is a tender expression in the sweet, almost feminine, upper part of the face, as if he were just praying for the women and children; but in the firm mouth we can see the spirit which will anon call on the God of Battles to fight for the oppressed. The head is a very noble one, most expressive of the lofty and unsullied character of one to whom may be applied, with far more truth than to the Knight of the Round Table, the elegy uttered over Sir Lancelot of the Lake:—"There thou liest, thou wert never matched of none earthly knight's hands; and thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield; and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou wert the truest lover, of a sinful man, that ever loved woman; and thou wert the kindest man that ever strove with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever eat in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest."

We observed in the gallery unfinished likenesses of Generals Fitzhugh Lee, Ewell, Price, and Hill; as well as a portrait of Mr. Volck, the sculptor, to whom is intrusted the noble task of raising the monument of the great Jackson. Photographs from the pictures are obtainable, and will no doubt be welcome to admirers of the indomitable fire and energy of the South.

We should recommend all who take an interest in the great struggle now waging in America to make a point of visiting Mr. Robertson's pictures. We know of no better commentary than they afford, by the light of which to read and understand the heroic endurance and long-suffering of the handful of Confederate States.

**TRIALS OF NEW LIFE-BOATS.**—On Monday some harbour trials were made at the Regent's Canal Docks with two new life-boats, belonging to the National Life-boat Institution, and built by the Messrs. Forrest, of Limehouse, under the superintendence of the society. The self-righting and other properties of the boats were in every way satisfactory. One of the boats, which is 36 ft. long, is to be stationed at Porhollan, on the Carnarvonshire coast. She is a splendid boat, and is well calculated for the important service she will have to perform on that dangerous point of the coast, where last winter several distressing shipwrecks took place. The cost of this life-boat has been given to the institution by Lady Cotton Sheppard. The other boat, 32 ft. long, is to be stationed at Cardigan. Her cost, and that of three others, has been collected by R. Whitworth, Esq., of Manchester, amongst his friends and fellow-townsmen. The institution has now 137 life-boats under its management, and invites the co-operation of experienced and influential persons on the coast to increase that number, in order to station a life-boat on every point where it can be shown that shipwrecks occur, and where a sufficient number of boatmen or fishermen are residing to work such boats on occasions of emergency.

**RELEASE OF PRISONERS AT BOKHARA.**—A despatch received in St. Petersburg announces that four foreigners (three Italians and one Frenchman), together with thirteen Russians, have been released by the Emir of Bokhara, after having been imprisoned a year. When the imprisonment of the four persons became known, in January last, the Italian Government immediately sent an agent, M. Bonhomme, to do what he could in the matter. Provided with letters from the Sultan, the Viceroy of Egypt, and other Mohammedan Sovereigns, M. Bonhomme proposed to travel to Bokhara through India, but was dissuaded by the Viceroy, as his death would have been ensured by so doing, on account of the Emir regarding all Europeans as Englishmen, and entertaining a mortal hatred to them. M. Bonhomme then travelled through Persia to Russia, the only country with which the Emir holds regular relations; but even in Russia he was advised not to make the venture, and thus he could only forward his letters through the officials. The letters, however, remained unanswered, as the Emir is not partial to such means of communication, and had only sent one answer to four letters from the Russian commandant at Orenburg. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, the prisoners are now liberated, and M. Bonhomme has returned to Italy from St. Petersburg.

**A RAILWAY INCIDENT.**—The Duke of B— was travelling by rail last week, and the sole occupant of a first-class carriage, when at an intervening station another passenger got in in a hurry. No sooner did he perceive that there was but one passenger in the carriage than he called out, pretty loudly, "Guard, guard, let me out!" The train, however, started immediately, and the stranger dropped into his seat, looking exceedingly nervous, and ventured at length to say, "It's rather an awkward thing travelling with only one man nowadays." The Duke, whose frank and open countenance might satisfy the most suspicious, appreciated the joke, but did not take the advantage of it; he fairly might, and replied, good-naturedly, "Well, if you are not afraid of me I am not afraid of you."

#### FEDERAL RECRUITING.

##### KIDNAPPING IN NEW YORK.

THE Richmond correspondent of the *Times*, in a recent letter, narrates two instances which have come under his notice of the misconduct of Federal crimps. He says:—

There was lately brought to Castle Thunder (one of the prisons of Richmond) a young chubby-faced English boy, named James Addy, eighteen years of age. He was a deserter from the Yankees, and his story is such as I have heard again and again repeated, but rarely with such appearance of veracity as in this case. His father is by him stated to be a yeoman farmer, living near a Yorkshire village called Askern, about six miles from Doncaster. At thirteen James Addy says that he was appointed Midshipman on board her Majesty's frigate *Emerald*; but, after serving, with intervals of sickness, for about four years on the coast of Africa, his health gave way, and he resigned and returned home. Last year, accompanied by two friends, Henry and Thomas Garner, he visited New York, intending to return in two or three weeks to England. The keeper of the house in New York where they boarded drugged their wine and put them, while insensible, in the guard-house. The ruffian, in addition to stealing the money and valuables of young Addy and his companions, doubtless realised the bounty-money paid by the recruiting officer for three recruits. They were put into company A or B, 47th New York Regiment. They refused to do duty as soldiers. Addy tried twice to escape before he succeeded, and says that one of his companions, Henry Garner, was arrested while trying to escape, and, as Addy fears, was shot. After many hardships and difficulties Addy succeeded in getting to Richmond, and was committed to Castle Thunder, the prison for deserters. The poor boy says that he would die a dozen deaths rather than go back to the Yankees. The Commissioner appointed by the Confederate Government to examine Yankee deserters has taken pity upon him, and he has been sent to Wilmington with a view to running the blockade and getting back to England. It is hard to see, if this story be true, why Henry Garner's parents are not entitled to demand from the Washington Government compensation for the death of their son (as compensation was exacted for the murder of Captain Brabazon from the Chinese Government), or, at any rate, the punishment of the New York lodging-house keeper, whose name is known. It must be obvious that this case is one which admits of verification by reference to the Captain of the *Emerald*, and courts investigation.

Henry Miller, born of German parents in England, was a private in her Majesty's 30th Foot (now quartered at Montreal or Toronto), and was discharged, his time having expired, at Montreal in May last. He crossed the Canadian frontier, entered the State of New York, was drugged, and in less than a week found himself encamped on an island in the Hudson River off New York. He was sent down to Grant's army, put into a cavalry regiment, and deserted with his horse, which he delivered over to the Confederates, into whose lines in Petersburg he also piloted a Virginian lady who was cut off by the Federals. This poor fellow, whose story seems to me in every respect trustworthy, has to pay for the ordinary faithfulness of the Yankee deserters by a long incarceration in Castle Thunder. His hatred to the Yankees exceeds belief.

The correspondent adds that he might prolong this list by giving the history of many other British subjects now immured in Castle Thunder as Yankee deserters.

##### A WHITE MAN SELLING HIS SONS.

The *Fulton Democrat*, a Pennsylvania paper, gives an account of a transaction which lately occurred in the town where it is published. From the tone of the article it may be inferred that the *Democrat* is decidedly opposed to the war, or, at all events, to the party now in power at Washington. This fact may account for the bitterness of tone which pervades the story; but we presume the main facts must be well known, or the *Democrat* would not so confidently challenge contradiction. It says:—

Sumner and his followers may prate as loudly as they please about "the barbarism of slavery," and Mrs. Stowe may rack imagination to create a monster like the brutal Legree; but we had an exhibition in this town during the examination of those recently conscripted, which, for inhuman and brutal barbarism, we defy any slave-market in the world to match. A father, who had already sold one minor son as a substitute to the human shamble, where he fell a victim, appeared in our town last Monday, dragging at his heels two half-grown, ill-shaped boys. They were all the sons he had, and he had contracted to sell them both as substitutes. They had been bargained for by "loyal" men. The smaller one, almost a mere child, was prospectively the property of a loud-mouthed and pestilent Abolitionist—a huge beast of a man, who stood six feet two inches in his stockings and weighed over 200 lb. This intensely "loyal" and "patriotic" fellow, when his own son—a sturdy, well-grown young man—enlisted, followed him to Chambersburg and brought him back home, on the plea that he was a minor and had enlisted without his father's consent. Yet he is always full of war, and eager for fighting, so long as it is at the expense of the blood of some one else than himself or his own family. Being draughted, however, and wishing to lessen the probability of such a misfortune befalling him again speedily, and impelled at the same time to save a little money, he had bargained with a brutal father to pay a less sum than 300 dols. for the body, the bones, the blood, nay, more, the life of a child. We defy the whole South to furnish an instance of such a disgusting "dicker" in human flesh, or, from among all the professional slave-traders who have disgraced its soil, such a pair of monsters as these. There was no veil of pretended loyalty or stimulated patriotism to conceal the naked hideousness of this transaction. The father was actuated solely by a sordid desire for gain. The purchaser was moved by the sneaking white-livered cowardice that forbade his risking his own worthless carcass in a war for the prosecution of which he howls daily, and by the mean selfishness of his nature, which prompted him to make a cheap bid when bartering for a human victim. A plot had been made up by the parties to the disgusting transaction by which they hoped to deceive the board. The boys were made to lie as to their ages, and represented themselves as older than they really were. So immature and youthful, however, was the appearance of the little wretches that the board refused to believe the statements made to them, even though the father himself lied as to their ages in order that he might be enabled to effect a sale of his offspring. They were both rejected for this reason, as entirely too young for the service. The overgrown human brute, who had expected to save himself in this way, sorrowfully and reluctantly paid over his money to save his cowardly carcass for a time; and the wretched father, after reeling about our streets for a day or so in drunkenness, went home, much disappointed, no doubt, in being balked in the sale of his sons. There is no colouring about this story, no fictitious glossings. It is true, just as we tell it, and known to be so to the very letter by many who will read this statement. We need make no comment. We have seen negroes sold on the block to the highest bidder, but that only involved a change of service. Here was a white man, with one son whom he had sold dead already, endeavouring to sell two more boys to what was almost certain death. He found loyal Abolitionists ready and eager to become the purchasers of cheap substitutes. Let us hear no more about the barbarism of slavery, when the barbarism of this war can exhibit such a revolting spectacle in the sight of Heaven on the free soil of Pennsylvania.

##### PRICE OF NEGROES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

In almost every one of the recruiting and substitute brokers' offices such conversation as the following is of daily occurrence:—"Gent—What is the price of a likely young negro to-day? Broker—From 550 to 600 dollars, according to the demand. Gent—Could you furnish me with three or four sound negroes at a less price? Broker—No, Sir; there is a demand for all we have in Massachusetts, where we send those who can't pass examination, and where we get larger prices. Gent—How soon could you fill an order for twenty or thirty negroes to fill the quota of our town, say 550 dols. each? Broker—We can't take orders ahead. The price is going up every day. We expect another carload to-morrow or next day, and we will sell at the market price." White men bring, in some instances, from 50 dols. to 100 dols. more than negroes. One man paid 675 dols. for a sound Canadian. The market is fluctuating, but the tendency is upwards.

**TRAGIC SCENE AT NAPLES.**—On the afternoon of the 16th inst., as Princess de Teora, Mdle. d'Avalos, and M. di Quarto, the bridegroom expectant of the last mentioned lady, were walking in the garden of the Palace del Vasto, at Chiaia, M. d'Avalos, her uncle, who disapproved of the projected match, set his bulldog on M. di Quarto; but the dog, instead of attacking that gentleman, advanced to the Princess in a gentle manner. M. d'Avalos then became more enraged, and struck M. di Quarto in the face. This gentleman drew a pistol from his pocket, fired at his assailant, and wounded him seriously in the side. A lady, an intimate friend of M. d'Avalos, who was Mdle. d'Avalos' sister, then fired a pistol at M. di Quarto, and thereupon the Princess and pistols, ran to the window which overlooked the garden, and sought to calm the combatants, especially conjuring his brother to restrain himself; but he, more furious than before, seized a double-barrelled gun and fired at his brother, in whose face one charge lodged, and who fell bathed in his blood. The police arrived soon afterwards and arrested both the offenders.

**MR. W. F. WINDHAM.**—This singular individual is now working a coach with great regularity between Norwich, North Walsham, and Cromer. Mr. Windham is no longer proprietor of the coach, but discharges his duties as "coachman"—looking after the luggage, waybill, &c.—in an exemplary manner. He has become extremely fat, and has a very jolly appearance. His coach is threatened, however, with the all-powerful opposition of the locomotive, the East Norfolk Railway Company being about to commence the construction of a line between Norwich and North Walsham. Mr. Windham's father was once M.P. for East Norfolk; one of his uncles is a Lieutenant-General in the Army and another a Marquis!







**GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.**  
TOURIST TICKETS FOR ONE MONTH are now issued from Reading, Victoria, Hammer-smith, Kensington, Notting-hill, Chelsea, Battersea, Farringdon-street, King's-cross, Gower-street, and Portland-road Stations to the COASTS OF SOMERSET, DEVON, and CORNWALL—viz., Minehead, Linton, Ilfracombe, &c.; Teignmouth, Torquay, Totnes, Plymouth, Falmouth, Pen-zance, &c.  
Also WEXMOUTH and the Channel Islands.  
NORTH WALES—Aberystwyth, Bala, Dolgelly, Llangollen, Rhyl, Llandudno, Llanwrst, Bangor, Carnarvon, Holyhead, &c.  
Also to the ISLE OF MAN, via Liverpool.  
SOUTH WALES—Neath, Carmarthen, New Milford, Tenby, &c.  
TICKETS are issued for CIRCULAR TOURS in NORTH and SOUTH WALES by five routes.  
The Tour of the Valley of the Wye, &c.  
The ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT—Windermere, Ulverston, Conistone, Furness Abbey, Penrith, &c.  
YORKSHIRE—Scarborough, Harrogate, &c.  
IRELAND—Lakes of Killarney, Limerick, &c.  
Programmes received by all particulars may be obtained at all the Company's Stations and Receiving Offices.  
Farringdon, August, 1864. J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

**EIGHT HOURS AT BOULOGNE.**  
SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.—A CHEAP EXCURSION TO BOULOGNE and back, on SUNDAY, AUG. 28, leaving Charing-cross at 6 a.m.; Blackfriars, 6.30 a.m.; London Bridge, 6.10 a.m.; and returning from Boulogne, same day, at 7 p.m. Fare there and back—Covered Carriages, 7s. 6d.; First Class and Saloon, 10s. Children under Twelve, Half Fare. One package of luggage allowed each passenger, to be taken in their own charge.  
C. W. EDWARDS, General Manager.

On Monday, the 29th inst., One Shilling (No. 57).  
**THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE**  
for SEPTEMBER. With Illustrations.  
CONTENTS.  
Margaret Donnell. Annotated by her Husband. (With an Illustration.)  
Chapter XXXI.—Rout.  
XXXII.—Illustration.  
XXXIII.—Sister Agnes.  
Death and Love.  
The French at the Alma—Tollerton.  
The Ethics of Friendship.  
The Lovers of Ballyvaughan. Part II.  
Partridge-shooting.  
German Professors.  
Wives and Daughters. An Every-day Story.  
(With an Illustration.)  
Chapter IV.—Mr. Gibson's Neighbours.  
Y.—Calf Love.  
VI.—A Visit to the Hamleys.  
SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 65, Cornhill.

**THE PRIZE POEMS** receiving the 100 Guinea as offered in advertisement, "Ho! for a Shakespeare," a new publication. Illustrated with Lithograph Portraits. Gratis on application to principal Dealers everywhere, or by stamped address to DAY and SONS, Lincoln's Inn-fields, London.

New ready.  
**THE ILLUSTRATED PANNY ALMANAC**  
for 1865.  
Containing Twelve Original Designs emblematic of the Months, numerous Engravings selected from the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Tables of Stamps, Taxes, and Licenses, Ellipses, Remarkable Events, Postage Regulations, and a great variety of useful and interesting information. The trade supplied by W. M. CLARKE, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row; and G. Vickers, Angel-court (179), Strand, London.

**PIANOFORTES EXTRAORDINARY.**  
MOORE and MOORE'S, 104, Bishopsgate-street Within.  
These Pianos are of rare excellence, with the best improvements recently applied, which effect a grand, a pure, and a delightful quality of tone that stands unrivalled. Prices from Eighteen Guineas. First-class pianos for hire, on easy terms of purchase. Jury award, International Exhibition, 1862. A most commendable mention "for good and cheap pianos." Carriage-free.

**PIANOS FOR HIRE.—CARriage-FREE.**  
Option of Purchase, convenient terms at any period.  
The largest assortment in London of every description and price.  
PEACHEY, Makers, 73, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C.

**PICTURE FRAMES! PICTURE FRAMES!**  
Best and Cheapest in London. The Coloured Pictures given with the "Illustrated London News," framed in handsome Gilt Moulding, from 1s. 6d., at 57, Drury-lane, and 34, St. Martin's-lane.

**THE NEW FILTER.—Dr. FORBES says:**  
"Mr. LIPSCOMB'S PATENT NEW FILTER is the only known method by which lead and lime are removed from drinking water. It is, therefore, a most valuable invention." Can only be had at Mr. Lipscomb's Filter Office, 23, Strand (three doors from Temple-bar). Prospectus free.

**TIDMANS' SEA SALT.**—This article, extracted from the "foaming billows," is a boon to all who would enjoy the invigorating effects of a sea bath in the comfortable seclusion of an apartment. Its daily use is productive of immense benefit in cases of rheumatism, debility, weakness of the limbs, sprains, &c. Sold by Chemists everywhere, in bags containing 7 lb., 14 lb., 28 lb., and upwards. Proprietors, Tidman and Son, No. 10, Wornowood-street, London, E.C.

**TOURISTS and TRAVELLERS** exposed to the Sun and Dust will find the application of ROWLANDS' KALYDOR both cooling and refreshing to the face and skin; allaying all heat and irritability; removing eruptions, freckles, and discolorations; and rendering the skin soft, clear, and blooming. Price 6d. and 1s. 6d. per bottle. Sold at 20, Hatton-garden; and by Chemists and Perfumers.  
\*Ask for "Rowlands' Kalydor," and beware of spurious articles under the name of "Kalydor."

**AFTER SEA-BATHING** Use RIMMEL'S LIME JUICE and GLYCERINE to soften the Hair, which is injured by sea water. Price 6d. Sold by all perfumers. 56, Strand; and 34, Cornhill.

**BREIDENBACH'S WOOD VIOLET.**  
Forget-me-not, and Jockey Club, three of the finest perfumes made.—157B, New Bond-street.

**COLMAN'S GENUINE MUSTARD**  
obtained the Only Prize Medal for "Purity and Excellence of Quality." International Exhibition, 1862.  
Trade Mark.—The Bull's Head.

**ORIGINAL and SUPERIOR ESSENCE** of ANCHOVINA, SAUCES, PICKLES, &c. Pure and Good, as supplied by JOHN BURGESS and SON for more than One Hundred Years.—107, Strand (corner of Savoy-street), London.

**CAUTION.—Chlorodyne.**—In Chancery.  
Vice-Chancellor Sir W. P. Wood stated that Dr. Brown was undoubtedly the inventor—eminent hospital physicians of London stated that Dr. J. Collis Brown was the discoverer—of Chlorodyne; that they prescribe it largely, and mean no other than Dr. Brown's See Times, July 13, 1864. The public, therefore, are cautioned against using any other than Dr. J. COLLIS BROWN'S CHLORODYNE. It is affirmed by medical testimonials to be the most efficacious medicine for CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, SPASMS, RHEUMATISM, &c.  
No home should be without it. Sold in bottles 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. J. T. DAYENFORD, 33, Great Russell-street, London, W.C., sole manufacturer. Observe particularly, none genuine without the words "Dr. J. Collis Brown's Chlorodyne" on the Government stamp.

**BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH,** Euston-road, London.—The cases of cure effected by MORISON'S PILLS, the Vegetable Universal Medicine, of the British College of Health, Euston-road, London, may be had, on application, of all the Hygienic Agents throughout the world.  
Read the works of James Morison, the Hygienist.

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS** should receive a fair and impartial trial from all afflicted with sores, wounds, bad legs, varicose veins, numbness of the muscles, contracted sinews, and many infirmities by which multitudes pass through a miserable existence to an early grave.

**ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES.**  
Putney, Surrey; Instituted, 1854.  
Treasurer—HENRY HUTH, Esq.  
Bankers—Messrs. Glyn, Mills, and Co.  
Medical Hall Enlargement Fund. Estimated cost, £3765.  
The Board earnestly APPEAL for FUNDS in aid of this national undertaking.  
It is expected to open the new Hospital about Midsummer next. There will be perfect accommodation for 200 inmates.  
The estate is situated at West Hill, Putney-heath. It consists of a mansion and twenty-four acres of park land, and is accessible by railway or omnibus.  
Donations of five guineas and upwards give the privilege of life-governance and votes in proportion. Smaller amounts of half-a-guinea and upwards entitle to present votes.  
Contributions received by the Bankers, Messrs. Glyn, Mills, and Co., 67, Lombard-street, E.C.; Messrs. Moore and Co., 59, Strand; by the Treasurer, Henry Huth, Esq., 10, Moate-street, E.C.; and by the Secretary, 10, Poultry, E.C.; to whom orders should be payable.  
Office, 10, Poultry, E.C., July, 1864.

**PETER ROBINSON'S**  
NEW AUTUMN SILKS.  
NEW AUTUMN DRESSES.  
NEW AUTUMN LINSEYS.

103 TO 108, OXFORD-STREET, W.

**PATTERNS FREE.**

**PETER ROBINSON'S**

NEW AUTUMN MANTLES.

NEW TRAVELLING MANTLES.

NEW YACHTING JACKETS.

ILLUSTRATIONS GRATIS.

103 TO 108, OXFORD-STREET, W.

**FAMILY MOURNING.**

Families about to adopt Mourning Apparel will find PETER ROBINSON'S General Mourning Warehouse the most economical and convenient. The largest and best variety of articles are kept ready-made-up, and suited for immediate wear; also, the most extensive stock of goods in the piece; and orders to any extent can be executed at the shortest notice.  
Dressmakers and French Milliners of known reputation are employed in the warehouse.  
Orders by note or telegram from any part, however distant, will at all times ensure the most prompt attention. Patterns and estimates sent free. Goods forwarded to any part of the United Kingdom, accompanied by a Dressmaker, if necessary. Address Peter Robinson's General Mourning Warehouse, 103 and 104, Oxford-street, London.

**BLACK SILKS.—IMPORTANT**  
to Buyers of Black Silks.—Owing to the great advances now taking place in the silk markets, PETER ROBINSON would respectfully invite the attention of Ladies to his very large Stock of the best description of Black Silks, purchased before the advance, when the markets were at their lowest, feeling sure he can save immediate purchasers from ten to fifteen per cent.  
He would particularly recommend to notice the New Drop de Lyon, at from £3 17s. for 14 yards.  
The Point de Soie, at from £3 3s. for 14 yards.  
Serviceable Bright Glacé, at from £1 19s. 6d. for 14 yards.  
New Imperial Duquesne, at from £2 2s. for 14 yards.  
Rich Corded Silks, at from £3 10s. for 14 yards.  
Very Rich Black Antiques, at from 18 guineas to 10 guineas.  
Patterns free.—Peter Robinson, Mourning Warehouse, 103 and 104, Oxford-street, London.

**CLOSE OF THE SEASON.**  
JAMES SPENCE and CO. are now offering, during the present month, the remaining part of their Summer Stock at a great reduction in price, and respectfully solicit an early inspection. Following is a list of the principal Goods:—  
Silks, Manillas, Shawls;  
Embroidered and Braided Made-up Dresses, from 14s. 9d.; Fancy Dresses, Alpaca, Muslin, French and Swiss Cambrics, Ribbons, Gloves, Hosiery, Trimmings, Parasols, &c. &c.  
James Spence and Co. will commence showing, on 1st September, a large Stock of Autumn Goods, comprising all the latest fashions in Dress.  
Close on Saturdays at Five o'clock.  
JAMES SPENCE and CO., Wholesale and Retail Silkmercers, Drapers, &c., 77 and 78, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

**GREAT SALE OF SILKS.**  
Dissolution of Partnership of NICHOLSON and AMOTT.  
SALE of the STOCK, amounting to over £20,000.  
Black Glacé Silks, during the season £1 7s. 6d., may now be had at 18s. 9d.  
Rich Black Drop de Lyon and Armure Silks, worth £1 10s. the Dress, are reduced to 1 guinea.  
Rich Black Glacé Imperial and the new Gros d'Italie, originally £2 10s., are all marked £1 15s. 6d.  
Magnificent Corded Silks, worth from 3 to 4 guineas, reduced to 2 1/2 guineas.  
A parcel of last year's patterns in Fancy Silks, good in quality, originally 30s., have all been reduced to 10s. 9d. and 1 guinea.  
A very superior lot of Plain, Checked, and Striped Glacé Silks, worth 2 guineas, now marked £1 5s. 6d. and £1 9s. 6d.  
Some magnificent Chené and Fancy wide French Glacé and Moire Robes will be sold at 5s. 11d. per yard, cost to make at least 10s. 6d.  
Rich Moire Antiques, all Silk, are reduced to 2 guineas.  
450 Dress Lengths of Rich Lyons Fancy Silks, usually sold at 4 guineas, are marked £2 15s. 6d.  
Patterns post-free.  
AMOTT and COMPANY, Great Warehouses 61 and 62, St. Paul's-churchyard.

**1000 SOLD WEEKLY.—THE NEW**  
BRIGHTON ROSETTE. Sent post-free for 18 Stamps.  
Made of richest Silk and Velvet.  
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street.

**AS FINE AS THE HUMAN HAIR.**  
3 for 1s., any colours, invisible Hair Net, post-free for 12 stamps. The new Brighton Velvet Ribbon, 2s. The new Coronet, in Velvet, 2s. Post-free.—BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street.

**SEWELL and CO.'S MOIRE ANTIQUES.**  
Spitalfields manufacture, celebrated throughout the kingdom. 4 1/2 guineas the Full Dress, in all Colours.  
Compton House, Firth-street; and Old Compton-street, Soho, W.

**SEWELL and CO.'S TRAVELLING and WATERPROOF CLOAKS.** One Guinea.  
Compton House, Firth-street; and Old Compton-street, Soho, W.

**8230 Yards New CHECKED and STRIPED SILKS.** at 1 guinea, 4s. 1s. 6d., and 1s. 9d. the Dress. Moire Antiques, from 10s. 6d. the Dress of 10 Yards, wide width.  
Reversible Brocade Silks, with flowers the same on both sides, woven on a new principle, all Colours, 3s. 6d. yard.  
A large parcel of last year's Silks, from 1s. 6d. to 4s. a yard, at half their original price.  
Write to NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

**DO YOU WISH YOUR CHILDREN**  
DRESS?—By Dr. Knickerbocker Suits in Cloth, from 15s. 9d. Useful School Suits, from 12s. 9d. Patterns of the Cloths, directions for measurement, and 43 Engravings of New Dresses post-free.—NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard.

**NEW STRIPED SILKS.**  
Patterns free.  
£1 10s. 6d. for twelve yards.  
JOHN HARTLEY and SON, 9, Ludgate-hill.

**WATERPROOF TWEED CLOAKS.**  
Walking and Yachting Jackets, Serges, Fine Tweeds, and Linsey Woolseys for Ladies Travelling and Seaside Dresses.  
Patterns forwarded free.  
JAMES LOCKE and CO., the Scotch Warehouse.  
By appointment to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 117, 119, and 127, Regent-street, London.

**THE SMEE'S SPRING MATTRESS.**  
TUCKER'S PATENT, or "SOMMER TUCKER."  
Received the ONLY Prize Medal or Honourable Mention given to Bedding of any description, at the International Exhibition, 1862. The Jury of Class 30, in their Report, page 6, No. 2905, and page 11, No. 2014, say:—  
"The Sommer Tucker is perfectly solid, very healthy, and moderate in price."  
"A combination as simple as it is ingenious."  
"A bed as healthy as it is comfortable."  
To be obtained of most respectable Upholsterers and Bedding Warehousemen, or wholesale of the Manufacturers, Wm. Smees and Sons, Finsbury, London, E.C.

**SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS.**  
"Need only be known to be appreciated."—Era. "The most perfect shirt made."—Observer. Six very superior quality for 45s. Price-lists and instructions for self-measurement post-free. Patented, Richd. Ford and Co., 38, Poultry, E.C.

**THOMAS'S Patent SEWING-MACHINES.**  
For Private Family use, Dressmaking, &c. They will Hem, Bind, Gather, Tuck, Cord, &c. Illustrated Catalogues and Samples of the Work may be had on application to W. P. Thomas and Co., 66, Newgate-street; and Regent-street, Oxford-street.

**THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY,**  
20, Lombard-street, London; and  
Royal Insurance-buildings, Liverpool.

At the Annual Meeting, on the 5th inst., the following were some of the leading results disclosed in the Report to the Shareholders:—

**FIRE BRANCH.**  
The Premiums of the year 1863 reached the sum of... £341,658  
Being an Advance of... £40,977  
over 1862; an amount of increase exceeding that of any previous year.  
The Revenue from Fire Premiums has been enhanced in four years by the large sum of... £113,353

The Duty paid to Government in 1862 was... £75,993  
Ditto 1863 was... 88,963

Showing an Increase in one year of... £12,973  
Among the incidents which have tended to the advancement of the Royal within the last few months may be reckoned the action with respect to the losses sustained by the explosion of the Loty Slough, which, although only consistent with the general tenor of the conduct of the Company, and ultimately proved to be no more than what had been done in former times by the oldest and most proverbially honourable among its contemporaries, yet attracted attention and public favour by its unhesitating promptness.

As the largest total of Reserves and the largest ratio of progress have been attained in the present year, so it happens that the largest Profit which it has ever fallen to the Directors to record has likewise on this occasion to be announced. The balance of Net Profit on the year has amounted to £28,545, of which sum £24,100 only has been appropriated to Dividend and Bonus, and the large Balance of £4,445 been carried to Reserve.

**LIFE BRANCH.**  
The progress of the Life Branch, as shown by the New Business transacted in the last year, is most promising, and the advances made, year by year, in the amount of New Insurances effected, show clearly the estimation in which the Company is held. The following is a statement for the last five years:—

Year	Net Sum Assured on New Policies after deducting Guarantees.	Net Premiums.
1859	£434,470 11 10	£13,086 0 3
1860	449,241 12 0	13,079 17 10
1861	545,107 17 0	16,627 18 0
1862	701,427 15 3	22,333 13 2
1863	752,516 18 10	24,009 12 8

This rapid growth, amounting to 73 per cent on the Sum Assured, and upwards of 80 per cent on the Premium received in the course of five years, may justly be considered as larger than any which could have been reasonably expected. The first half of the current year 1864, however, far outstrips the ratio of increase indicated by the figures just quoted, as the Sum assured for that period of six months only actually exceeds Half-a-Million Sterling.  
The rate of Mortality, likewise, still presents highly favourable features, and augurs well for the result to be shown by the quinquennial investigation, which is to take place when the present year is concluded.

PERCY M. DOVE, Manager and Actuary.  
JOHN R. JOHNSTON, Secretary in London.

August, 1864.  
**£1000 IN CASE OF DEATH,**  
or an Allowance of £5 per week while laid up by injury caused by ACCIDENT OF ANY KIND,  
whether Walking, Riding, Driving, Hunting, Shooting, Fishing, or at Home, may be secured by an annual payment of 2s. to the ROYAL LANCET ASSURANCE CO. LONDON.

For particulars apply to the Offices, 10, Regent-street; and 64, Cornhill.  
WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

**TOURISTS** derive additional pleasure in their rambles when acquainted with MINERALS, ROCKS, and FOSSILS. Mr. TANNANT, Geologist, 149, Strand, London, gives practical INSTRUCTIONS to Ladies and amateurs, and from his extensive collection comprising many thousands of specimens, persons are enabled, in a dozen or twenty private lessons, to identify the ordinary components of Rocks and most of the Minerals and Metals used in the Arts. Mr. Tennant can also supply elementary Geological Collections at 2s. 5, 10, 20, 50, to 100 guineas each.

**GARDNERS' £2 2s. COINERS.** in cut Crystal Glass, Ornate, or Bronze.—H. and J. Gardner, manufacturers to the Queen, 45, Strand, Charing-cross (4 doors from Trafalgar-square), London. Established 1731.

**GASOLIERS in Crystal, Glass, Ormolu, or Bronze.**—Medieval Fittings, &c. A large assortment always on view. Every article marked in plain figures.—D. HULKETT and CO., Manufacturers, 55 and 56, High Holborn, W.C.

**BATHS.—DEANE'S DOMESTIC BATHS.**  
The Bath Department of Deane and Co.'s Warehouse contains an extensive stock of Shower, Hip, Plunging, Sponging, Nursing, and every description of Bath for family use. Each article is of the best material and workmanship, and at the lowest possible prices. Patent Gas Baths, simple, efficient, and economical. Bath-rooms fitted complete. Deane and Co.'s Pamphlet on Baths and Bathing, with engravings, gratis and post-free.—Deane and Co., 46, King William-street, London Bridge. Established A.D. 1700.

**HOWARD and SONS' DINING-TABLES.**  
made by Steam-power, with wood and metal frames, requiring no screw.—Warehouses, 26 and 27, Berners-street, Oxford-street. Illustrated Catalogues on application.

**EASY-CHAIRS, SOFAS, and COUCHES.**  
best quality, made to any shape, on approval, at T. H. FILMER and SONS' Manufactory, 31, 32, and 34, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W. An Illustrated Price List Catalogue sent post-free.

**BEFORE YOU FURNISH HAVE AN**  
ESTIMATE from, or visit the Establishment of, BRANBY BROTHERS, Furniture, Patent Bedstead, and Bedding Manufacturers, Carpet Factory, and complete House Furnishers, 121 & 123, Old Kent-road, (next Bricklayers' Arms station). All roads warranted, and delivered free to any house in the kingdom. Estd. 1823.

**SANSFLECTUM CRINOLINES.**  
18s. 6d., 15s. 6d., and 21s.  
\*Wear admiringly well.—Court Journal.  
E. PHILPOT, 27, Piccadilly.

**KEEN'S GENUINE MUSTARD.**  
First Manufactured A.D. 1712, or more than One Hundred and Twenty Years.  
This well-known brand of Mustard has been sold by the trade of Great Britain for more than a Century, and is held in high estimation for its purity and pungency of flavour. The qualities that are recommended for family use are the Double Superfine and the Genuine, both of which can be obtained from most Family Grocers, in cansisters of 1 lb. and 1 1/2 lb. each.  
KEEN, ROBINSON, BELLVILLE, and CO., London.

**TAYLOR BROTHERS' GENUINE MUSTARD.**  
Dr. Hassall, having subjected this Mustard to a rigorous microscopic examination and chemical analysis, reports that it contains the three essential properties of good mustard—viz., PURITY, PUNGENCY, and DELICATE FLAVOUR.  
See that each Package bears their Trade Mark, the "Prize Ox," and Sold by all Grocers, &c., throughout the Kingdom.  
Taylor Brothers, Brick-lane and Westworth-street, London, N.E.

**CAUTION.—COCKS'S CELEBRATED**  
READING SAUCE, for Fish, Game, 8 oaks, Soup, Gravies, Roast and Cold Meats, and unrivalled for general use, is sold by all respectable dealers in sauces. It is manufactured only by the excretors of the sole proprietor, Charles Cocks, 6, Duke-street, Reading, the Original Sauce Warehouse. All others are spurious imitations.

**CHOLERA, Dysentery, and Diarrhoea.**  
ASPAODYNE, as recommended by the Faculty and by Sir John Tyrell, who, during the severe epidemic of 1848, cured more than 100 people in various parishes near his residence at Brompton House. Sir John's friends in India and the Crimea likewise benefited by it. In all cases of English cholera a second dose is seldom wanted, and it always gives instant relief. To be had of all respectable chemists, and of the proprietor, R. S. STARKIE, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 4, Strand, Charing-cross. In bottles, 1s. 1 1/2d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 21s.

**SALVEO PEDES.—TENDER FEET.**  
A sure remedy is ANGUS SLEIGH'S Salveo Pedes.  
Sold by Chemists. Patent Medicine Vendors, and Perfumers, in half-bottles, 1s. 6d. and bottles 2s. 6d. each. Wholesale, 13, Little Britain, E.C.

**GOUT OR RHEUMATISM**  
is quickly relieved, and cured in a few days, by that celebrated Medicine BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS. They require neither restraint of diet nor confinement during their use. Sold at 1s. 1 1/2d. and 2s. 9d. per box by all Medicine Vendors.

**CITY OF LONDON HOSPITAL FOR**  
DISEASES of the CHEST, Victoria Park.—FUNDS are now urgently required for the completion of the new wing and towards meeting the current expenses. The patients are especially numerous at this season, and the resources of the Charity are entirely exhausted.  
The Committee earnestly APPEAL for ASSISTANCE.  
Bankers—Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, and Co., Lombard-street.  
HENRY SEWELL, Hon. Secretary.  
RICHARD P. SLATER, Secretary.  
Office, 6, Liverpool-street, E.C.

**PARKINS and GOTTO,**  
MANUFACTURING STATIONERS,  
24 and 25, Oxford-street.  
The public supplied at wholesale prices.

**20 MILLION ENVELOPES** sold annually  
at PARKINS and GOTTO'S, 25, Oxford-street, W.  
Useful Envelopes... 3s. 6d. per 1000  
Thick ditto... 4s. 6d. per 1000

**120 SHEETS of NOTE-PAPER** for 6d.;  
120 thick do., for 1s.; 120 sheets black-bordered, for 1s.  
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Envelopes supplied in quantities, from 1000 to 50,000, at extraordinarily low prices. Samples for forwarding on application.  
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**PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS.** A choice of  
3000. PARKINS and GOTTO,  
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**INKSTANDS, DESKS, BOOK-SLIDES, &c.**  
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**THE 2s. PRIZE WRITING-CASE,**  
by post for 25 stamps. 250,000 already sold.  
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**DRESSING-BAGS, Hand Bags, and Reticules.**  
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**WORK-BOXES, Knitting, and Glove Boxes.**  
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24 and 25, Oxford-street, W.

**15,000 BIBLES, PRAYER-BOOKS, and**  
Church Services.  
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**ENGRAVING CRESTS, MONOGRAMS, or**  
ADDRESSES on Dies for Stamping in plain or colour, on notepaper and envelopes. Copperplates engraved to order. Name and address plates engraved in the best style, and Cards printed at J. SILBERSTEIN,  
the City Engraving Office, 19, Gracechurch-street, E.C. Specimens of name and address cards sent post-free on application.

**EVERY ONE** has marked the unpleasant, dirty appearance of a Glass Eye, which can always be detected by the disagreeable expression on the physiognomy. But it is now known that M. BOINSOINNEAU, senior, Oculist to the French Army and Hospice, of No. 11, Rue de Montcau, Paris, has invented a little Chef-d'œuvre, which not only combines the attributes of lightness, solidity, and comfort with the expressive motion of the visual organs. The injured eye requires no previous operation. The new invention can be inserted without disturbing the patient; children even bear it without a murmur.  
M. Boinsoinneau will be in London (Symonds's Hotel, Brook-street, Grosvenor-square), on the 15th and 16th of September.  
Any person desirous of communicating with him by correspondence will be solicited to send the colour of the eye required and a photograph of the face, not coloured.

**KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY v. COGNAC**  
BRANDY.—This celebrated OLD IRISH WHISKY rivals the finest French Brandy. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in bottles of 2s. 6d. each, at most of the principal retail houses in London; by the appointed agents in the respective towns in England; or wholesale at 6, Great Windmill-street, Haymarket.—Observe the red seal, pink label, and branded cork "Kinahan's LL Whisky."

**ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE.—THE OCTOBER**  
BREWINGS of the above ALE are now being supplied in the finest condition, in bottles, each, by FINELLA, MACKIE, TODD, and CO., at their New London Bridge Store, London Bridge, S.E.

**BRANDY.—The Best and Cheapest in the**  
World.—Cognac, 15s. per gal.; 1 doz, 33s. Champagne, 18s. per gal.; 1 doz, 39s. This splendid Brandy cannot be equalled. Best London Gin, full strength, 13s. per gal.; 1 doz, 25s. The above prices per doz. include railway carriage.—G. PHILLIPS and CO., Distillers, Holborn-hill, London.

**TONIC BITTERS.**  
WATERS' QUININE WINE,  
the most palatable and wholesome Bitter in existence;  
an Efficient Tonic,  
an unequalled stomachic, and a gentle stimulant.  
Sold by Grocers, Italian Warehousemen, and others, at 30s. a dozen.  
Manufactured by  
Robert Waters,  
2, Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, London.  
Wholesale Agents, E. Lewis, and Co., Worcester.

**DYSPEPSIA.—MORSON'S PEPSINE**  
WINE is a perfectly palatable form for administering this popular remedy for weak digestion. Manufactured by T. Morson and Son, 19 and 40, Southampton-row, Russell-square, W.C., in bottles of 3s. 5s., and 10s. each. Pepsine Lozenges, in boxes of 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. each.

Sold by Grocers, Confectioners, and Dr